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Choice Poetry.

TRUE FREEDOM, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For LIBERTY to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

II.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!"
We keep the march of Time
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

IV.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE FIELD OF PALO ALTO.

The day following our arrival at Point Isabel, was one of general bustle in the Camp. The report of Walker, that the enemy was encamped in great numbers between Point Isabel and the Upper Fort, as it was at this time called, led every one to anticipate a general battle on the return of Taylor, which he had decided on, and for which he was now making active preparations.

In a brief conversation we held with Captain Walker, Walter and I offered our services for the approaching engagement, but told him for the present we did not wish to enlist for any definite term of service. He replied that it was unusual to accept volunteers on such conditions; that it was necessary for all new recruits to go through a certain routine of discipline before being brought into action; but concluded by saying that the present was an emergency—that he was short of men—that all who could would serve against the enemy were needed—and that if we felt disposed to take part in the approaching contest, we might remain in his camp.

The next day, the seventh of May, General Taylor issued marching orders; and at three o'clock in the afternoon the whole army, a little over two thousand in number, was put in motion, with a large train of provisions and munitions of war. We proceeded some five or six miles on the road to Matamoras, and encamped for the night! Alas! the last night preceding the awful night of death which many a poor fellow, then buoyant with hope and glorious anticipations, was ever destined to see. The morrow! the eventful morrow!

Before the break of day the Rangers were in their saddles, and we set out in advance of the main army to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. When we reached what had been his main camp, we found it deserted. This looked as if he were not intending to give us battle; and returning, Walker made his report to General Taylor.

A little after sunrise the army and train were put in motion, while we again set off in advance, being detailed as scouts. Before noon we came in sight of the enemy, whose whole force was drawn up directly across the road, and whose line, extending some mile and a half, gave him a very formidable appearance. On making this discovery, we turned back, met our General, and reported accordingly.

About noon the two armies came in sight of each other. Taylor's forces were at this time upon a wide, level plain, and near a pond of clear, cold water. In front was a row of dwarf-[illegible] trees, which the Mexicans denominate Palo Alto; and beyond these, the bright uniforms of the foe could be faintly discerned, their polished arms glittering and flashing in the clear sunlight. Here our considerate General ordered a halt, and permitted his men, one half at a time, to fill their canteens at the pond—after which he permitted them to rest an hour.

This proceeding, trifling though it may seem, I have no doubt gave us the brilliant victory of Palo Alto; for the troops had marched twelve miles, under a burning sun, had suffered much for want of water, and were greatly fatigued; and had they been brought into action immediately on coming in sight of the enemy, I do not think they could have withstood, for hours, a fresh, vigorous foe of treble their numbers.

As soon as the men had sufficiently rested, the columns were formed, and the order to march was given; and with slow, firm, martial tread, the whole force moved, with the precision of a drill, over the soft, matted grass of the prairie, which gave back no sound.

These were the awful moments to try the nerves of the bravest. Slowly, but surely, they were approaching an overwhelming foe, and knew that in a few minutes, at the farthest, the terrible carnage of battle would begin, and that death, riding on the iron hail of belching cannons, would be busy in their midst. Now they had time to think—to reflect—to *see*, as it were, the danger upon which they were advancing; and if their cheeks paled, their hearts beat faster, and they felt that their limbs were growing too weak to support them, it was no proof that they lacked courage, but only showed how nature instinctively shrinks from inactively meeting the grim King of Terrors. To perform daring and valorous feats amid the smoke and carnage and roar of battle, is nothing; but to march slowly, deliberately, up to the death-dealing engines of war, while a breathless silence prevails, which, when next broken, may be the signal of your transit to another world, will try the nerves of the hero of a hundred battles.

When about seven hundred yards divided us from the advance of the Mexicans, they opened a heavy fire from their batteries on the right. The moment they did so, General Taylor spurred his charger along his van, gave orders to have it deployed into line, and exhorted the men to be firm, and prove themselves true descendants of the heroes of other fields. At the same time the artillery received instructions to return the enemy's fire; and then all minor sounds were drowned in the roar of these mighty engines of death. The battle had truly begun.

It is not my intention to describe the fierce engagements of the eighth and ninth of May—the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Other pens, abler than mine, have already done justice to the gallant spirits who there fought, and bled, and won immortal renown in two of the most brilliant victories on record; and to these vivid descriptions I must refer all who may be curious beyond my personal adventures.

When the action began, the Texas Rangers, with a squadron of dragoons, occupied an advanced position on the right; but soon after we fell back, and took a position on the extreme right, where we awaited further orders. We were not long kept idle. A body of lancers made a demonstration as if to outflank us and seize our batteries; perceiving which, Walker gave the command:

"Forward! charge!"

Away we flew, the earth trembling under us; and soon friends and foes were mingled in fierce and bloody action; and groans, shouts, curses, the clash of steel and report of fire-arms, made a horrid din.

From this moment we knew no rest. Charge on charge was continually made, in different directions, on different parties, till, I believe, ere the day was won, the Rangers passed over every portion of the field. I saw no flinching; all strove to be first upon the foe; and valiantly did we all do our duty. But none could outdo our gallant Captain. He was every where foremost; and when I saw the activity he displayed, the power and rapidity of his blows, his daring, and his unequalled skill in horsemanship—while his thin nostrils seemed to expand like those of a war-horse rushing to battle, and his eyes, lately so cold and dull, flashed and burned with fierce enthusiasm—I no longer wondered that his name was a word of terror to his foes.

The sun was drawing near the verge of the horizon; and yet the battle was raging as fiercely as ever, and none could say on whose banner victory would yet perch. Side by side Walter and I had charged and fought unharmed, while many a saddle of our gallant corps had been vacated, and more than one horse and rider had fallen to rise no more. We were at this moment pausing on the left wing of our army, striving to get a view of the enemy's manœuvers through the sulphurous smoke, that, cloud-like, rose to the very heavens, and from out which came the loud thunders of artillery, the sharp rattle of musketry, and shouts, and shrieks, and groans, and all the concomitant sounds of bloody strife. Suddenly Walker turned in his saddle, and pointing to a small body of horsemen, barely seen manœuvering on the enemy's right, cried:

"Yonder is Romano Falcon and his accursed band of Guerrillas. We must annihilate them! Forward! charge!"

As he spoke, he buried the rowels in his own high mettled steed, we followed his example, and the next moment the earth seemed flying under us. Away, away we sped; and in less time than it has taken me to record the fact, we were bearing down, with the force of a thundering avalanche, straight upon the foe. He saw us just in time to meet us in full career; and we came together with a terrible shock; and balls whizzed, steel clashed, and men like demons strove in the struggle of death.

Suddenly I felt my horse sinking under me, and I made a hasty effort to leap from his back. But my foot became entangled in the stirrup; and ere I could extricate myself, the animal fell, with a death-groan, and rolled heavily upon my imprisoned limb. I shrieked with a pain too intense for sensitive nature to bear, and instantly the dark night of unconsciousness closed around me.

When I next opened my eyes, the shades of coming night were stealing over the earth, and objects at a distance were fast growing dim and indistinct. The sounds of strife had ceased—the smoke of battle was clearing away—but who were the victors? I now felt the most excruciating pain in my leg, on which the fallen beast still lay; and this pain, darting up into my body, seemed at intervals as if it would again deprive me of my senses. I made an effort to extricate myself; but oh! pen and tongue are inadequate to describe the terrible agony it caused me! and I soon fell back exhausted, uttering a deep, heavy groan.

My groan had an echo; and on turning my head, I perceived near me a dark human object. After two or three more groans from this object, it uttered words that thrilled me:

"Water! water! give me water or I die!"

It was the voice that thrilled—so like—could it be? I shuddered, but kept my eyes riveted upon the human mass.

Presently it began to move—seemed to roll together like a ball—then slowly rose to an upright posture and staggered toward me.

By the waning light I now had a fair view of that face. I knew it. Ghastly, bloody, with rolling eyes and livid lips, I failed not to recognise it. Great God of Justice, Thy hand was here in awful retribution! My blood seemed to curdle in my veins, as I gazed upon that face, already working in the convulsions of death.

It was the face of Willard Warncliff.

"We meet strangely!" said I.

"Ha!" he cried, trying to steady himself and fix his fading sight upon my face; "I should know that voice! Yes! yes!—ha! ha! ha!—it is you!" he cried, with a wild, unearthly laugh, while his contorted features assumed a demoniac expression. "It is you, Henry Walton! Enough! we meet thus; but not to part; death claims us both."

He drew a knife as he spoke, and, with a howl of mingled rage and pain, made a lunge toward me. But death had too firm a hold upon him—nature was too much exhausted—and he fell heavily to the earth—his head within two feet of me. At first I thought him dead; but presently he gave a groan, raised his face, and turned its ghastly visage full upon me. Oh! that look! that awful look! I shall never forget it—would to heaven I could! His strength, what little remained, was now failing fast—he saw and knew I was beyond his feeble reach—and slowly grinding his teeth together, he hissed out between them:

"*You triumph yet.*"

Then grasping convulsively the matted grass, he slowly sunk down to the earth, gave one long, gurgling gasp, and expired. Thus did I witness the death of my rival and foe; but oh! the sensations I then and there experienced none may know.

I now made another effort to extricate myself; but finding I could not, and the pain excessive, I lay back upon the earth, and for the next hour suffered, both physically and mentally, more than words can describe. It had now become quite dark; no living soul was apparently near me; and the thought that I might thus be left to pass the night, filled me with horror.

At length I heard voices, and by the gleam of a torch, beheld some half-a-dozen figures approaching me. Whether they might prove friends or foes, I could not tell; but I was in a condition to feel that any change could not be for the worse, even though it were death itself; and I called to them for help. Instantly they quickened their pace, and came up to me on a run; and judge of my delight, when in the foremost I recognized my valued friend, Walter Moreland!

"Alive!" he fairly shouted; "alive! thank God, Walton, we find you alive! I was fearful you had fallen to rise no more."

"And we are victorious, then?" said I.

"We have won the field to-day, my friend—a glorious victory—but what will be our fate to-morrow none can say."

Walter had seen me fall, heard my shriek, and, the battle over, had come in quest of me: believing he should find only my cold remains: his joy therefore may be imagined. On removing the carcass of the horse from my leg, it was found to be broken above the knee—but I had sustained no other serious injury. The men raised me carefully, and bore me away; but ere they did so, I pointed to the corpse of Warncliff, and said to Walter:

"Look there!"

He turned over the dead body, and by the light of the torch recognized the features.

"'Tis well!" he said, with compressed lips; and then turned away with a slight shudder of disgust.

I was carried to the train, which was packed, and placed among the other wounded, to wait my turn, for the surgeons were all busy. I will not describe that night of horrors. It is enough to say that I suffered as much in sympathy for the poor fellows every now and then brought in—(and whose shrieks and groans, under the knife or saw of the men of science, made my heart ache)—as for myself. In my turn my wants were attended to—my broken limb was set and splintered—and though at another time I might have thought my hurt a great misfortune, yet, when I looked upon the bleeding, mangled and dying beings who surrounded me, I felt truly grateful to God that I had been spared such awful affliction as theirs.

Notwithstanding I repeatedly urged Walter to leave me, and try to get some rest, to be prepared for the eventful morrow, he remained up with me a great portion of the night; but toward morning he took his leave, and our parting was a sad one.

The next day the wounded, myself among the number, were sent back to Point Isabel, where we remained in anxious suspense, listening to the booming cannon, which told that another fearful battle was raging. Oh! how tediously and anxiously passed the hours, till the welcome news came that another brilliant victory had been won, and that the enemy, totally routed, had returned to Matamoras. Then the shouts of enthusiastic joy that went up, seemed to infuse new life into even the dying—for more than one eye, already glazing in death, was seen to brighten at the glorious intelligence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL."

Soon after my return to Point Isabel, not wishing to remain among the wounded, I rented a shanty of one of the sutlers, and had myself removed into more quiet, if not more comfortable quarters. I also procured the services of a black fellow, who, though by no means a second Tom, attended upon me faithfully, and did all that lay in his power to render himself useful to me. I experienced much pain from my broken limb, and was at times very despondent; but when I reflected how much worse it might have been, and recalled the awful sufferings I had seen others undergo, I truly felt I had more cause for rejoicing than repining.

But what had become of my friends? what was their present fate? I had seen nothing of Walter, nor heard a word from him, nor of him, since our parting on the battle-field of Palo Alto. Had he been wounded or killed? I had looked anxiously over a list of names reported, but his was not among them, and I knew not what to think regarding him. And Clara—dear Clara—how fared it with her? and with her father and Harley? Were they still prisoners in Matamoras? and would our victories give them freedom? or serve to render their situation more disagreeable, not to say desperate?

Days passed—weary days—days of deep, heart-felt anxiety; nights passed—lonely nights—nights of feverish restlessness, in which I often awoke from wild, horrible dreams. During this period I suffered much, bodily and mentally; and it was only, as I have said, when I considered how much I had to be thankful for, that I could feel resigned to my situation, and bear the attendant ills without a murmur.

One day, one bright and beautiful day, toward the latter part of May, as I was half reclining on my rude pallet, gazing out through the open doorway upon the sandy beach, and the blue, calm waters of the Gulf, and envying those who could walk abroad and enjoy the fresh air and glorious sunshine, my servant entered hastily, and said:

"Sir—Mr. Walton—dar's two gen'lemen and a lady, sir, 'quiring for you just back here, and dey're coming dis way, sir."

My heart seemed to leap into my throat, and I replied, with great agitation:

"Show them in, Peter! show them in!"

"Yes, sir! I thought mebby you'd just like to fix up a little, sir! they're quite 'spectable looking, sir!"

"Never mind—never mind—there is no time, and they must take things as they find them."

Peter hastened out; and immediately after, Harley burst into the room, and was quickly followed by Colonel Moreland and his daughter.

THE HERMIT.

"At this moment the skin was thrust quickly aside, and a flash of lightning, which almost blinded me, displayed the outlines of a tall figure standing in the entrance."—CLARA MORELAND. (Chapter 6.)—*T. B. Peterson's Illustrated Book Edition, to be shortly issued.*

The moment my eyes fell upon them, I gave vent to my feelings in a loud cry of joy. Harley was the first to reach my side; and seizing my hand, while his eyes filled with tears that he seemed struggling to repress, he said, in a voice half choked with emotion:

"Ah! Harry, Harry, was it kind, was it like yourself, to leave an old friend thus?"

"Perhaps I did wrong, Morton—but—"

"There, there, Mr. Walton—that will do," interrupted the Colonel, seizing my other hand, and speaking in a warm, frank, off-handed manner: "let Palo Alto say the rest. In brief, sir, I see you are a young man of true spirit, and I like you the better for it—at your age I would have done the same. Come, Clara, what say you?"

Clara had approached timidly, and stood behind her father while he was speaking; and it was not till he stepped aside, as he appealed to her, that I caught a fair view of her features.—Her lovely face was now crimson with blushes, and she seemed greatly confused and embarrassed. For a moment her soft blue eye rested anxiously and tenderly upon mine; and then a tear of sympathy dimmed her vision, and her gaze fell to the ground.

"I trust I see you well, Clara? and that I shall find you willing to forgive me for deserting my best friends in the manner I did?"

I said this in a voice tremulous with powerful emotions; and as I ceased, Clara raised her eyes, and though still seeming embarrassed, replied, in low, sweet accents, that fell upon my ear like music:

"I have nothing to forgive to one who more than once perilled his life to save mine." And then, after a slight pause, added: "If you really did wrong in leaving your friends, your awful sufferings would atone for far greater errors. I hope we find you better—a—Mr. Walton?"

I took her hand, and holding it in mine, with a gentle pressure, looked meaningly into her sweet face, and, with pointed emphasis, replied:

"I am better *now*, Clara." Then perceiving she was uncommonly agitated, I turned quickly to the Colonel, and exclaimed: "But Walter—where is he? I hope no harm has befallen him?"

"Safe and well in Matamoras with the army. They say he fought gallantly through both actions—at least Captain Walker so reported him to General Taylor; and as a further proof that he did something worthy, he has been offered, and has accepted, a commission, and will remain with the army. He sends kind greetings to you, and regrets that he will not be able to see you again for the present—for I suppose it is not your intention to enlist?"

"No," said I, "I have seen adventure enough; and, as soon as I am able, shall set out for home—there probably to remain for the rest of my life. But I am glad to hear of Walter's success, and can sincerely say I believe he deserves it. But now tell me of yourselves! How were you treated after we left? and how did you procure your liberty?"

"No further notice was taken of us," replied the Colonel; "and when Taylor entered the city as victor, we of course found ourselves free. I must admit we had suffered much anxiety on Walter's account, and yours; and great was our delight to meet him safe and unharmed; and, need I add, we were not a little grieved to learn of your misfortune. So it seems our old foes are dead at last?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"D'Estang and Warncliff."

"Ha! D'Estang dead also?"

"Yes, he was slain on the battle-field of Resaca de la Palma—shot by Walker himself, as he was bearing down upon the Rangers at the head of a body of lancers: Walter saw him fall."

"Well, let God judge him," said I.

"You speak of going home," pursued the Colonel. "May I be permitted to say that you will go home with us first?"

"I may do myself the honor to call upon you before I start for Virginia—but go home *with* you I cannot."

"And why not, sir?"

"Because I shall not be able to attempt the journey for days—perhaps weeks."

"Well, we can wait till you are able."

"No, no—I could not think of detaining you from your family."

"Now hold!" cried the Colonel; "not another word! I am a man, sir, whose purpose is not easily changed; and I tell you I have decided to remain in Point Isabel till you can leave it with us. Why, you look surprised! Good heavens! is gratitude then so scarce an article that you must necessarily be astonished because we have resolved not to desert the noble friend who perilled his all to save us from a fate worse than death? Heaven forbid!"

Tears filled my eyes as the Colonel pronounced these words, for I perceived they came from his heart. I had felt lonely, dejected, desolate—but I felt so no longer. I had found a warm-hearted, true friend in him, whom, of all men, I most desired to call friend, the father of the only being I truly loved. And Clara would remain also, and be unto me as a ministering angel! Need I say that in the present, with a thought of the future, I experienced a happiness that amply compensated for all the perils, privations, and sufferings I had undergone?

But Harley—my companion—my more than brother—there was no necessity that he should remain through the tedium of my confinement; and I urged him to go whither love and duty called him. He had done for me, I told him, all that a noble friend could do; and were there even more to do, he had a young, tender, and lovely wife, whose claims on him were paramount to all others.

He grasped my hand, and in a voice of deep emotion, replied:

"Perhaps what you say is right, Harry. That I love my dear Viola, you know; and you know how well I love her; and you know, too, if she deserves my love. And you can imagine the lonely hours of agonizing suspense she must pass in my absence, under the soul-harrowing uncertainty whether I am among the living or the dead! I need not tell you how I long to see her—to relieve her of her mental torture—to clasp her once more to this heart, that beats truly for her. But notwithstanding all this, I could not face her and say I had left you in distress, in the hands of strangers; no, no, I could not do that; and were it not that I know my place will more than be supplied by the kind friends who will remain with you, dear Harry, no persuasion should induce me to leave you. But since my presence here is not needed, I will take your advice, and set out for Mexico the first opportunity—for part we must, sooner or later."

The day passed off happily in the companionship of my friends; but it was the last I was destined to spend with Harley—at least for many long years—and it may be we shall never meet again. The next day, unexpectedly, a vessel touched at Point Isabel, which he learned would touch at Vera Cruz; and with a hurried, but tearful farewell, he took leave of us, and embarked.

While on the subject, I may add, that though I have never seen him since, I have frequently heard from him by letter. He reached the city of Mexico safe and well, and rejoined his lovely wife, who had begun to despair of ever seeing him again. In his last communication to me, of a recent date, he speaks of returning to the land of his nativity, with his family, to lay his bones with those of his fathers. Should he return, we may meet once more, to go over, by the quiet hearth-side, the perilous scenes of the past. But that meeting belongeth to the Future, and of the Future God alone knoweth.

And here let me drop the veil for a time, to lift it once more, and then let it fall forever.

* * * * * *

It was on a scorching mid-summer's day that we reached the quiet home of the Morelands. I pass over the scene that ensued, when a long lost daughter and father were first restored to a weeping mother and sister. We came not unexpectedly upon them, however. The Colonel had many times written home, apprizing his wife and daughter of his and Clara's safety, and had acquainted them also with the thrilling events already known to the reader; but yet there was much still to be told, and a thousand questions to be asked and answered on both sides. Then the news having spread of the Colonel's safe return with his daughter, crowds of anxious friends, eager questioners, and wondering listeners thronged the mansion; and for a time we were literally besieged—till, in fact, I began to think the horrors of battle a pleasant pastime compared to this inquisitive torture. Among all my follies, I never had any desire to be made a lion; but I was now, in spite of myself, elevated to that disagreeable position; and in my private journal I have recorded the fact under the head of "Awful Sufferings." I should perhaps remark here, *en passant*, that I had at this time so far recovered the use of my broken limb as to be able to walk without crutches—but there was a slight limp in my gait, which remained for weeks afterward.

Mrs. Moreland and Mary, I perceived, showed marked traces of the anxiety they had undergone, and the latter continued for some days quite serious; but her natural gaiety and vivaciousness at length returned; and her clear, merry laugh once more rung through the recent abode of sorrow and gloom. There seemed but one thing wanting now to complete the happiness of all parties—the presence of Walter. But though he was missed by all from the social circle, none took his absence so deeply to heart as his doating mother. He had recently passed through great perils—and, as a soldier, would continually be exposed to new dangers—and she longed, with maternal fondness, to see him once more—for she had withal a presentiment that he would never return.

Alas! it is with deep, heartfelt sorrow I now record the mournful fact, that her presentiment was verified. He fell on the glorious battle-field of Buena Vista, and now sleeps in a soldier's grave. Poor Walter! these eyes have paid many a sad tribute to his memory.

Although the Colonel and I had been much alone together, during my confinement at Point Isabel, and also on our journey homeward; and though I had often been on the point of asking of him the dearest boon in his power to grant, the hand of his lovely daughter; yet, somehow, when the most favorable moment came, my heart had always failed me—the words I struggled to utter had died upon my lips—and the important question still remained unpropounded. More than once, I think, he must have been aware of my intention; but it was not, for him to introduce the subject, and I did not for the reasons named. But now the time had come for me to "speak, or forever hold my peace;" and summoning all my resolution, I prepared myself, as well as I could, for the trying event. Seeing him enter the library one morning, with a paper in his hand, I soon followed him, and closed the door. He looked up from his reading, and seeing that I was unusually agitated, kindly requested me to be seated. I half staggered to a chair, but did not sit down.

"Colonel Moreland," began I—and methought my voice sounded strangely, my heart fairly fluttered, and I was half startled at my own boldness—"I—I have come—to—to ask a boon," I stammered.

"It must be a great one that I will not grant to one to whom I owe so much," he replied, with a bland, encouraging smile.

"It is, Colonel—it is."

"Say on!"

"I seek the hand of your daughter."

Good heavens! the words were out before I knew it.

"Ah!" he said, with a peculiar smile, at the same time rising from his seat; "I will send you an answer directly;" and he went out, leaving me standing half bewildered, and not knowing what to think of his singular proceeding.

I was not long kept in suspense, however. Presently the door, which was partly ajar, swung quickly open, and Clara entered in haste, her features pale, and wearing an expression of alarm.

"Are you ill, Henry?" she cried, anxiously.

"Not that I am aware of—why do you ask?"

"Why, I just now met father, who said I should find you here, and that there was something very serious the matter with you."

"Only an affection of the heart, I believe," replied I, smiling at the Colonel's joke.

Instantly Clara's recently pale features were suffused with the deepest crimson, and her eyes fell to the ground in confusion. I advanced to her, took her trembling hand, and continued, gravely, in a low tone:

"This hand, dear Clara, I just now ventured to ask of your worthy father. He immediately left me, saying he would send me an answer. He has sent me you, and I am answered to my wish. With his consent to our union, dear Clara, I need but one other's to make me the happiest of mortals: Will you be mine?"

She did not reply in words; but she trembled violently, her head drooped gently, and methought the crimson of her cheeks took a deeper hue.

"Thus am I a second time answered," I whispered; and gently throwing an arm around her, I drew her fondly to me, and was about to imprint the seal of love upon her lips, when I chanced to espy a pair of sparkling black eyes peering at us from around the half open door.

"Good faith! is that the way you lovers settle the mooted point?" cried the mischievous Mary, the moment she saw she was detected, at the same time bursting into the apartment, with her merry, ringing laugh.

Clara sprung from my side, and disappeared in an instant.

"Heigh-ho!" said Mary, looking after her, with an affected sigh: "how much she has lost by my interruption!" and again her laugh rung out, merry and clear. "Well, well, Mr. Walton, (looking up demurely into my blushing face) you needn't get the scarlet fever on account of it. So, sir! you did sing, 'Come Share My Cottage,' to some purpose it seems. Ah! well, it only proves that Clara was easily caught—you should have tried *me*."

"And you will be caught some fine day, my little torment," returned I, laughing.

"It may be," she answered, slowly, and with a mischievous twinkle of her black eyes—"but not with sentimental *chaff*." and without giving me time to reply, she bounded away, in high glee; and soon after I heard her gayly singing:

"Hymenial chains let who will wear—
No bonds for me;
The eagle in the upper air
Shall be less free
From melancholy
Heights of folly.
Let me delivered be!"

A week later, and with a joyous heart I was speeding over the briny waters of the Gulf, bound for my native land. But I was not alone. There was beside me a gentle being, whom I had sworn, before High Heaven, to love, cherish and protect; and in her soft, blue eyes, as ever and anon they turned upon me, beaming with tenderness, I could read that my happiness was now shared by one who had been a sharer in my perils and sufferings. Clara Moreland was mine forever.

In due course of time we reached Virginia, and found warm friends ready to give us a reception worthy of the Old Dominion,—need I say more?

* * * * * *

Years have passed since the date of the foregoing events, and to me they have been years of unalloyed happiness. The holy tie which first bound Clara and I together, waxes stronger with time, and our love daily grows even deeper and purer. The parents of Clara are still living, and in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. The light-hearted Mary is still with them; but I understand they are about to lose her. She is about to enter into that bondage against which she once so merrily declaimed; but he who will cast around her the "Hymenial chain," is worthy of his prize.

* * * * * *

Reader! my adventures, I trust, are ended—my tale is told—my task is done. What more belongeth to me and mine, lieth in the great Future; but ere I enter that untrodden realm, I close the scene, and pass forever from your ken. Adieu!

THE TORTURE.

"She stepped over them—came close up to me, fixed her hollow bleared eyes upon mine."—CLARA MORELAND. (Chapter 13.)—*T. B. Peterson's Illustrated Book Edition, to be shortly issued.*

Selected Sketch.

ARE WE A GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE?

Almost all English travellers say flattering things of the good looks of the American people. Mrs. Trollope fell in love with the seemly appearance of the men, however she may have turned up her nose at their manners, and would have been pleased to have seen more of their handsome faces, and less of the soles of their boots. It is true, Dickens's portraits are not flattering; but his Americans are mere scare-crows of the imagination to frighten away his countrymen who settle like crows in never-ceasing flocks upon our land. Thackeray, in his Kickleburys on the Rhine, paints a young American, as the perfection of a dandy Apollo, elegant by nature, and faultless by art, with a good form in a perfect coat, with small hands in the smallest and smoothest of Paris gloves, and diminutive feet in the neatest of French boots. As for the morals of the young gentleman, the less that is said about that the better; of course Thackeray would not be Thackeray if he did not spoil the confection, by his usual sprinkle of a grain of salt or rather pepper, by way of reservation. Miss Martineau, too, fell in love with all Congress assembled, and if she did not indite verses to their eyebrows, wrote whole pages of prose about their eyes. She quite lost herself in the profound depths of the cavernous eyes of Webster, went astray among the wrinkles of Calhoun, and did not get fairly into plain sailing, until she launched out upon the broad forehead of some ordinary Congressman or other.

Look at our notabilities; are they not good-looking? better looking than most notabilities elsewhere? Take, for example, our new President Pierce, and compare him with Prince Albert; the former was certainly not chosen for his good looks—the latter was. The artists have done their best for Victoria's consort, and in spite of all their art, their cunning artifices, their flattering touches, their ingenious disposition of light and shade, and their courtly concessions of the true to the ideal, there is not a picture of Prince Albert in which he himself is not essentially the most insignificant object; the feathers and Boots, the drapery and the back-ground are infinitely more dignified and impressive; Albert's great, pasty, rolled out face, without a line or emotion, looks always like a blank spot in the picture. President Pierce, no thanks to art, has a face with a concentrated expression of energy, with lines of thought, and eyes full of fire. President Fillmore, too, would take the precedence of any crowned head, in the court of beauty. How Napoleon le petit, the Emperor of all the French, dwarfs and shrinks by the side of him! Mr. Fillmore is tall, portly, and has a frank, expansive face. Louis Napoleon is short, meagre, cold and reserved; his face hidden for the most part in a thick-set beard, where an expression of lust and violence lies in ambush. Louis, though no beauty himself, has, however, a taste for beauty in others, especially for the golden hair, the blooming face, and the seductive graces of the Spanish Señorita Montijo. Having a *caprice*, as the French say, for la belle Espagnole, and unable to corrupt, he has sworn, with his bloody hand upon his heart, a Napoleon oath, to love and cherish her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Looking at General Scott, with the eye of an artist, where can you find a better model of a military hero? Lofty in stature; lifting his head high above the crowd of ordinary men; well proportioned; with broad shoulders and swelling chest; a firmly placed foot, and erect posture; a brow of command; an eye of concentration; and a mouth of firm resolve; he has the look and bearing of a gallant soldier, and no wonder he scattered the Mexicans, and stalked into their capital a conqueror. The shade of Daniel Webster rises high among us in our Senate and tribunals, and in the assemblages of the people; solemn and portentous; with the serious aspect of the anxious patriot; the brow brooding with thought; the eye looking steadily into the darkness of futurity; the lips closing, upon their last words of eloquent utterance, in fixed resolve; a dark cloud gathering upon the manly face and presaging fate; and he passes away in the gloom of death. There never was a more noble-looking man than Daniel Webster, and it has been truly said, that in appearance he was the ideal of a great statesman. Our poets and authors, Cooper, and Irving, and Longfellow, and Melville, and Lowell, are handsome and superior-looking men. Our artists, too, for the most part, can find no better life studies than in their own looking-glasses.

Our crowds and public gatherings, our thronged streets show the best-looking aggregate of humanity, male and female, in the world. Walk up and down Broadway. Are there such becoming crowds on the Parisian Boulevards, or in the London parks? Such streams of life, glowing with beauty and glistening with bright eyes, and flowing on like a glad river sparkling in the sun. Was there ever such a holiday people? They are working men all, it is true, as most Americans are, with their wives and daughters, but there is none of the Pariah look about them, nor are they to be stared out of countenance by the impertinence of the old world's bloated importance. The men have certainly an unquiet look, but it is the eager intelligence of enterprise, full of hope; not the sodden, worn, careful face born of discontent with the present, and uncertainty about the future.

Did a handsomer set of fellows ever march to the beat of drum, than our holiday soldiers. Though their service—and they grow veterans in that and no other—is confined to the corporation programme of Fourth of July glorification, and their longest march is from the Battery to Union Square, we would pit them against any army in the world in attack upon—a woman's heart.

Nature diffuses, art combines. The former has no ready-made Apollos or perfect Venuses on hand; the latter is obliged to [illegible] them up to order. The artist, in looking for his material for the manufacture of his ideal, must gouge out an eye here, pull a nose there; pluck a beard in one place, cut off an [illegible] in another; pocket one man's hand, walk [illegible] another man's leg; steal the locks of a pretty girl, embrace the form of another; [illegible] pick out of the beauty of one family, and [illegible] away with the female head of another. With all due admiration for beauty, wherever it may be diffused, we believe that the artist would have less of a steeple-chase in his hunt after the ideal, in America, than in any other country under the sun. A short walk in Broadway would supply him with material for a whole life of artistic beauty, for any number of goddesses, and cherubs—men, women and children. Americans being a race made up of [illegible] variety of people, their style is necessarily the composite order. But whatever their origin, they all have specific American characteristics. The very foreigners are hardly landed before they are melted up and turned out of the American mould, very passable specimens of Yankees. The fat Englishman is melted down and reduced into working shape; the light Frenchman acquires substance; the heavy German is lightened up; the wild Irishman is made respectable; the slumbering Spaniard opens his eyes and stirs his stumps.

Jonathan may be described as the finished model of the Anglo-Saxon, of which John Bull is the rough-cast. The former is more clearly cut; his proportions more regular; his features more sharply chiselled; and his action more free. The latter is altogether superfluous and clumsy; his proportions [illegible] regulating; his belly is too protuberant; his [illegible] too thick; his feet too spreading; his hands too large and podgy; his lips too spongy and [illegible]erted; his cheeks too pendulous; his nose too lobular, blunt and bottle-like; his expression altogether too beef-eating; in a word, according to our taste, John Bull won't do, and must be done over again; but tastes, of course differ, and our taste is only an American taste after all.

The doctors tell us there is less deformity in the United States, than elsewhere; it is easier, say the midwives, to come into this world of America, as it has been easier, for the Ericeson, to go out of it, than in any other world extant. The mothers of America are so rarely deformed, and their "as well as may be expected" means so very well indeed, that the medical ushers of the bed-post, [illegible] most other dignitaries on great occasions, [illegible] really quite a sinecure of it.

It is true, Tom Thumb is alive, and although we think him no beauty, [illegible] evidently thought so abroad; and Victoria kissed and fondled him very much as Gulliver was kissed and fondled by his Brobdingnag nurse, Glumdalclitch. The climate, however, is not so favorable to the undergrowth of dwarfs, for we have the word of Barnum's agent for the fact, that he succeeded once in finding an English dwarf, to whom Tom Thumb was a giant, and on bringing him to New York, he had hardly been here a week, when he grew so tall as a bean-pole; and his early death alone prevented Barnum from exhibiting the former English dwarf, as the great Kentucky giant.

The Americans are undoubtedly a thin people—thin-skinned at any rate, some will exclaim, but that is not the question just now. If quantity is to carry the day, and not quality, Jonathan must yield to the forty stone of John Bull. But there is not one of the philosophers who holds, that beauty is to be measured by the expanded size of the girth, and the enlarged circumference of the belly. Africa alone, of all nations, though Turkey has a leaning that way, set up fatness as a standard of beauty. Cuffey, it is true, expands female loveliness beyond the limits of the embrace of any ordinary mortal; lards it with layers of fat, like a plump partridge prepared for the spit; and feasts his dainty imagination upon the oleaginous charms of female blubber. But Cuffey is not acknowledged by the rest of the world as the *arbiter elegantiarum*. Americans are thin; they have too much to do, and too anxious to do it well, to allow of the necessary repose for the quiet accumulation of fat. But they have muscles, strong and active, that spring to their work, quick messengers of an energetic will. Our women have not the *embonpoint* of the English, but they don't imbibe London stout by the imperial measure, nor retire to their nuptial couches, torpid with strong-brewed ale and old Stilton. Fashionable ladies dance themselves down below the average size, dissolve themselves by their dissipation into impalpable shadows, and pass away as ghosts in a decline. We have no excuse for such, but, thank Heaven, there are American women who are not fashionable ladies. "A true female figure," whispered Leigh Hunt, "is falling, and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to-hips; and finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which, though little, are able to support all the rest." Was it Mrs. Bull, who stood as a model for that picture? No! she would make a dozen of such; it must have been, with all due reverence for our grandmother, be it said, her lightsome daughter, America.

The average height of our men is about five feet ten, oftener above than below. The Americans are very evenly measured, and would range without picking or choosing, in a level platoon, that would delight the eye of a military martinet. Kentucky is supposed to supply Barnum with his giants, and the supply seems to keep up wondrously. Among other marvels of that State, where the inhabitants are said to be half-horse, half-alligator, and are capable of going the whole hog, which means, we suppose, taking in a full-sized animal in a single swallow, there is no doubt the men are tall, and, as they talk, very large. Frederick of Prussia would not have wanted for recruits for his tall grenadier guards, if he had had the run of the West. Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee, would have supplied him with an army of them. Put Lord John Russell and Daniel Webster, the Duke of Wellington and General Scott, back to back, and mark how the Americans overtop their English relatives.

Let us analyze the American, not as the chemist, who tells us that man is forty-five lbs. of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water, (the American, we are inclined to believe, has considerably less water in his composition), but as the anatomist, into head and neck, body and extremities.

The American head is generally large, which the phrenologists may attribute as they please, to increase development of brain. There are all varieties of face, though the oval predominates; all kinds of eyes, though the black prevail; noses of every shape and size, Grecian, Roman, and the English turn-up, though the bottle and snub are rare; mouths of many kinds, voluptuous and ascetic, firm and relaxed; and diverse chins, double and single, square and pointed. These features are, however, for the most part, more sharply chiselled with us, than in any other people. Our foreheads are higher and wider and we seem to be proud of them, and not content with the generosity of nature in this respect, try to extort from her more than is our due. A high, expanded, arched forehead, may be excellent in man, as indicative of intellectual force, the power of knowledge; but it is a positive blemish in a female, whose most attractive characteristics are delicacy and tenderness. The ancients admired a low forehead in a woman, and their sculptors, always true to beauty, gave their female statues such. Horace says, *insignem tenui fronte Lycorida, Lycoris remarkable for her low forehead*; which he evidently puts down to the credit of her beauty; and Martial speaks admiringly of the *frons brevis, the short forehead*. Leigh Hunt says a large, bare forehead, gives a woman a masculine and defiant look. The word *effrontery* comes from it. Now ever since phrenology began to finger our craniums, our vanity has been very busy in smoothing the way for its titillating advances. Men and women, too, have been so much engaged, with the aid of brushes and depilatories, in brushing up and putting in order the outworks, that they have neglected to fortify the citadel within. As an untrod path may lead to a deserted house, a smooth forehead may point to an empty brain. The prevailing practice of combing back the hair of young girls, and keeping it there with a force that draws the blood from its roots, and skins the eyeballs, is the ugliest possible of practices; when these young girls grow up wiser than their mothers, as they surely will, it is hoped they will not have the *effrontery* to scold at their mammas for having spoiled their beauty. A good word has, it is true, been spoken in favor of the large forehead; it has been likened in its relation to the face, to the broad sky in a landscape, lightening up the whole expanse. The Italian women used to pluck out their hair to increase the height of their foreheads; and Montaigne reports that the women are reputed more beautiful, not only in Biscay, but elsewhere, for having their heads shaved. We recommend, however, our beauties to cultivate the low forehead, and advise our mannish women of the Woman's Right Convention, to transplant the hair from their heads to their chins, and with bold fronts and strong beards, make good their claims to man's privileges and his wardrobe, to his boots and his walks in life.

The prevailing fashion of wearing the hair is not at all to our taste. Our women have naturally a very luxuriant growth, but they do not make good use of it. The hair should be flowing, and not too much restrained. The ladies should eschew the *bandoline* of the hair-dresser, and overturn their macassar oil and kalydors into the fire, as the Vicar Wakefield did his daughters' washes and cosmetics. There is no greater beauty than the natural waving hair, but such is the power of fashion, that we know a pretty girl who spends the better part of the morning in trying to turn nature's curved lines of beauty into the straight ones of art. She plasters and presses, and glues, and posts, like a bill-sticker, her front hair on either side of her forehead, until it looks like two great daubs of black paint, or pieces of black plaster, or blinkers on the eyes of a shying horse, or like any thing that is ugly or unbecoming. Fashion is a cunning, short-tailed fox, and pretty women should beware of its arts. Fashion is a device of ugliness to entrap beauty. Fanny! we beseech you, in spite of that ugly Frenchwoman, Madame La Mode, let your dark waving hair flow on in its natural course of beauty, free and graceful as your own girl's life; let it shade with its tendrils the sunny light of your eyes, and the youthful bloom of your sweet face, and let it fall in clusters and full foliage about that rising but fast ripening into the fulness of womanhood. Our men are magnificent on the score of whiskers. We prefer the American to the English mode of wearing the beard; the former, in its free growth, gives length to the face, in character with its natural oval form; the latter, which has been styled the *cotellette de mouton* style of whisker, which shows the chin and lower lip, and leaves the hair upon the cheek to grow in a triangular form, gives an unnatural breadth to the countenance, and a blank, spread-out look.

In spite of the supposed largeness of grasp, and the length of stride of the Americans, they have extremely small hands and feet. Glove-sellers and shoe-makers who have come hither from the Rue de la Paix or Bond Street, will tell you that the size and fit of Young America are a smaller pair of kids, and a shorter pair of varnished leathers or satin slippers than those of either Young France or England.

Our walk and attitudes are not by any means the most graceful and becoming in the world. An American has ease enough, certainly,—a little too much, we think; it is the ease which makes him lie down when he should stand up; it is the ease which elevates his heels in the air, when he should plant his feet upon the ground; it is the ease which sprawls on four chairs, when it should sit upon one; it is the ease which rests its elbows upon a neighbor's knees, instead of its own; in fine, it is the ease of republican gregariousness, which would merge the reserve of the individual into the free and easy whole. Our men would be better looking; they would not stoop in the shoulders, as many do, or bend in the legs; and they would be infinitely more agreeable, if they would improve their ways and manners in this respect.

Our women are too stiff in their walk and attitude. In walking, an American woman only bends her knees, and hardly that; she should yield a little in the upper joints. Her gait gives a movement to her body, like the squirming motion of a wounded insect, with a naturalist's pin through its midriff. American women hold their arms badly in walking; they almost universally bring them forward, crossing their hands in front; they have, in consequence, the look of a trussed fowl, and have about as much freedom of motion. If the arms were allowed to fall freely by the side, our women would move more gracefully, walk better, and look better. The prevailing mode of carrying the arms hoops the shoulders, contracts the breast, prevents all proper development of the bust, ruins health, and what our ladies will be more likely to attend to, destroys beauty of form and all grace of movement. In complexion we must yield to the English; their moist climate is favorable to the fresh, clear, wholesome and pellucid rose tint, that distinguishes the faces of the young and beautiful in England. An English beauty has, however, to watch her complexion closely; an additional degree to the thermometer, a glass of beer more than the daily allowance, or an unusual emotion, is apt to spoil all, and flush, in a moment, the delicately shaded rose tint, into a full-blown peony. There is, however, a style of complexion in America which is never seen in England, and which we admire highly; it is a mixture of the *brune* and *blonde*, a compromise between the oriental olive and the English red; it may be compared to a rose blooming through the misty vapor of early morn; it is like a ripe peach, with its golden tint spread over the roseate hue beneath; it is the dark Spanish beauty, brightened up by the wholesome blood of England. The pale, olive complexion of America is supposed by the English to be evidence of ill health. English travellers used to affect to believe, that every second American was a dyspeptic, and the rest far gone into a decline. But this peculiarly American complexion not seldom lasts from childhood to threescore and ten, and shows itself everywhere where enterprise and labor are busy in doing their manful part.

There is a want of *abandon*, of course we are speaking of manners, not of morals, about the American women; they are too formal and statuesque; they carry themselves with a hauteur, as if they were entitled to homage without owing anything in exchange. They will turn out a full omnibus of men, or a score of male worshippers from their church seats without designing to give in return the cheap courtesy of a smile or a bow, or the small change of a "thank you." Like the images and painted saints in a church, they receive the worship of their adorers without even the consciousness of a wink, as if they were quite insensible to the piety of the faithful. Our fashionable women are said to be good dancers: if so, their skill is confined to the turning of a pretty ankle or the tripping of a fantastic toe.

Our voice is not so soft as that of the English, for example, although there is a difference in favor of the Southern women; but our deficiency in this respect may be attributed, like our pale complexions, to the effects of the atmosphere. Voice depends upon hearing, and as sound is distinct and shrill in our clear air, so the voice naturally assumes a high, sharp key.

In expression, that illuminated book of the soul and the intellect, where every thought and emotion may be read by him who runs, the Americans surpass every other people. In most countries, you may observe the doltishness of insensibility, the stupidity of ignorance, the obsequiousness of servility, or the superciliousness of command. In America, you find expanded over the whole face of the people, an expression of lively intelligence and common respect. This is the natural result of equality before the law. It is true we are an anxious people, too anxious. It would appear at times as if our destiny was not to enjoy life, but to prepare it for the enjoyment of those who are to come after us. We are always pioneers, not only in new lands, but in fresh fields of new enterprise; we are ever pushing on to the unknown regions of undiscovered thought. We work on consciously, stirred by the spirit that is within us of our own intelligence and energy, and not because forced to fly from the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune. The Americans may possibly have a worn look, and may not laugh as heartily as they might, and as they are fully entitled to, according to the proverb, "let him laugh who wins." However this may be; as far as the question of beauty is concerned, the expression of the common face of America, is, without doubt, the finest in the world.

As for women that are not beautiful, and none need be positively ugly, let them console themselves with the fact that the fascination of a woman does not depend upon the color of her eyes, or the shape of her nose, or upon her mere personal form at all. Merely beautiful women are apt to put up their charms at too high a price, and consequently find no bidders. A natural desire and power of pleasing, that come from good nature, are more fascinating and more lasting than all surface charms. With such attractions, a woman may reasonably hope, like Ninon De l' Enclos, to inspire an affection at fourscore.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

☞ A WARNING.—If some fifteen score of our twenty score of poetical correspondents do not pay more attention to their grammar in every department, from prosody down to syntax, to say nothing of sense and handwriting, we vow we will do a terrible deed some time or other, or perhaps sooner, and the first thing they know, their verses will be published *just as they send them!* There! Now look out, will you!—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Foreign Letter.

PHILADELPHIA,

AS IT APPEARED TO A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The readers of the Post who have read my letters on Great Britain, may think the transition to a quiet little city in Germany (Gottingen), celebrated only on account of its University, with its duelling students, and its library with its 400,000 volumes, almost too abrupt.—But I must confess to a reluctance to dotting down the reminiscences of my journey through Northern France and Belgium, not because they are unpleasant, but because—because—the truth is, it is very difficult to give a good reason. I hope to have something to say in future letters about Germany and the Germans; at present, I think I can do those who are good enough to follow my scribblings, no better service than by giving them an accurate description of Philadelphia and Philadelphians, together with some of the peculiarities of American life in general. The only authority I have consulted on the subject, is a work entitled "Pains and Pleasures in America," by O. von H. I regret that the modesty of the author has prevented me from giving to the American public the full name of a gentleman who must be admitted to be the prince of observers.

My first extract will convey some very novel information, in reference to American cities.—"All the cities of the United States," says O. von H., "are built upon one and the same model. Whoever has studied one, knows all the rest by heart. They all have wide streets, crossing each other at right angles, numbered in one direction, 1st, 2nd, 3rd st., &c., while in the other they take the names of trees, as Poplar, Pine, Mulberry, &c. Besides these, in every city there is a Broad Street, and a Market Street. Philadelphia may be conveniently taken as the type of an American city. It is, moreover, according to the last census, the *largest* city in the United States, containing over half a million of inhabitants, a few thousands more than New York." Probably our New York brethren will now rest satisfied with the second place in the Union.

The following paragraph will be news to the mercantile community: "The Delaware river forms the harbor, or more properly, the wharves of Philadelphia. Though the city is one hundred and twenty-five miles from the sea, the largest ships from all parts of the world arrive here. It is only within a short time that the commerce with Europe has become considerable by the establishment of a new line of packets to Havre."

His classification of the population will excite some attention. I hope our Arch Street and Cherry Street "Friends" will not take offence at the company in which they are found: "The population consists of eighty thousand Germans,—the rest are principally *Quakers, rowdies and loafers, and negroes*. Most of the physicians, druggists and musicians, as well as the lithographers and artists belong to our countrymen. Among the first, only those succeed who reconcile themselves to the use of Humbug. By far the most distinguished business men here," he says, "are the lager beer brewers. 'Fat George,' the son of a schoolmaster in the neighborhood of Nuremberg, has a reputation all over the country. He emigrated to the country seventeen years ago, and at first brewed his beer in a wash-kettle. Now he is the richest and most respected German in Philadelphia. Lager beer and sourkrout are used and prized more and more every year by the Yankees, while the ale and porter breweries are continually losing money."

The following description of the Society of Friends exhibits some hitherto unknown features: "The second important class of the population of Philadelphia are the Quakers—gentle, pious, good people, who do harm to no one, and who, rather than kill the most annoying fly, will endeavor, with untiring patience, to catch it and put it out of the window. They wear low, broad-brimmed hats, taking them off only while in church. They salute each other in a friendly manner, never altering the quiet composure of their countenance, nor the gentle tone of their voice. The women all dress after an old Franconian fashion of the last century, in mouse-colored dresses, with bonnets, shawls, and cloaks of the same color. Within a few years past, however, some of the young Quakeresses have permitted themselves to depart from the custom. Moreover, all the Quakers have the virtue of being rich, and zealous abolitionists. They live almost exclusively in the finest street in the city, and on this account it is almost all day as lifeless as a German highway after midnight."

The reader may be disposed to think that his description of rowdies and loafers bespeaks a more intimate acquaintance with them than with the class just described. "The third of the preceding classes is composed of rowdies and loafers. Whoever lives for some time in the United States, must either willingly or unwillingly become acquainted with this race; and when he once knows them, he will always entertain for them a proper respect. The word loafer means, properly, a noise-maker, while rowdy signifies one who lives upon doing nothing, and upon other people's money. These two classes together form a well-defined body in American cities, against which even the police are powerless. Rowdies and loafers are incarnate Yankees, composed of self conceit and roughness; they despise and insult all who are not Americans, and lose no occasion to give every foreigner his share. They have a peculiar costume, of which they are proud, and which they wear everywhere. The shirt-sleeves rolled up, show a red flannel under-shirt. Suspenders and cravat are absent. Upon the head, which is distinguished also by a large lock of a particular twist, sits a half-inclined black hat, with a wide crape band. Add to this a cigar or end of tobacco in the mouth, and the picture of a rowdy is complete. His business is boxing, and he seeks all day in crowds and at fires, opportunities to gratify his taste. Work is his weakest side. Putting out fires is conducted in America in the most exemplary manner. Innumerable fire companies are to be found in every city. Rich citizens buy the engines, often paying eight hundred or one thousand dollars for them. They secure a place for housing them, and are the honorary and paying members of the company. The active and paid members are the rowdies and loafers. When they can devise no other scheme for raising money, they lie in the engine houses for weeks and if there is a fire anywhere, they let it burn to show the use of firemen. As in Philadelphia, for example, there is an alarm of fire almost every hour, they have enough to do to run through the streets with the machine, and return with it to the house. These occasions afford them a fine chance for their favorite amusement, boxing. Sometimes there are regular engagements between rival companies, in which the streets are barricaded, and persons often killed, either with stones, clubs or pistols. The police can do nothing to suppress them, a *full third of the population belonging to this class.*"

He does not seem to have been very favorably impressed with our mode of keeping Sunday. He says: "The tediousness of an American Sunday is beyond conception. The English Sunday, so much decried on the Continent, is not to be named in comparison with its American brother. I do not know how I could inflict a severer torture upon an enemy than by condemning him to spend fifty two Sundays as they are spent in the United States; he would then consider Purgatory quite entertaining.—Death-like stillness in every street, in every house. No carriage rolls over the pavement, so that even the horses know there it is Sunday. Even the hogs, that usually lie in every gutter, must remain at home on this day, so that no one shall be scandalized. No railway train, no omnibus dare move on this day. All stores, the newspaper and post-offices are closed, and in only a few cities are taverns allowed to be open, and then you will only find Germans or other foreigners in them, trying to kill time. If houses could only be forbid to burn on Sunday, the last consolation of the rowdies would be snatched from them: fortunately they burn rather more on this than any other day. Other holidays, such as Christmas, unless they fall on Sunday, are not celebrated here, but are work-days like all others."

Your readers have, by this time, conceived a suitable respect for the veracious traveller, and I will therefore give no further extracts.

C. G.

ENCOURAGING YOUNG MEN.—It is stated, in the Boston Herald, that General Abner Curtis, a great shoe manufacturer, at East Abington, Massachusetts, "has issued proposals to some twenty or thirty young men in his manufacturing ware-house, that if they will, the current year, be prudent, economical, and faithful in their duties—show a balance sheet of savings, individually, of one hundred and fifty dollars, ($150,) and consummate *marriage* on or before the first day of January next ensuing, then he will, in all and every such case being made to appear, and proven unto him, add, as a New Year's present thereunto, a house and lot upon his vast domain, and therewith one hundred dollars, for the purpose of assisting in the erection of a cottage house, severally, to his corps of assistants aforesaid."

☞ Bells were invented in the year 400.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—A correspondent of the Tribune, who denies that Professor Morse is the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, says:—

> It is a notorious fact that the "Needle" Telegraph, now in general use in England, was patented there in June, 1837, by Wheatstone & Cook, three years before Morse got his patent in this country, and that Wheatstone & Cook obtained a similar patent in Washington some time before the date of Morse's first patent.
>
> Nor can it be pretended that Morse was the first to build a telegraph line for actual business purposes, for he did not begin to build one until 1844–'45, whereas, lines had been put up and worked in England, and in other parts of Europe five or six years before.
>
> The claim made in Morse's Patent is not that he invented the Electric Telegraph, but that he invented an "improvement," which consisted in *marking* on paper dots and horizontal lines of unequal length, to stand as signs or representatives of letters, whereas under the previous systems evanescent signs and sounds only were made. Thus a magnetized bar of iron was made to point to letters without making any mark.
>
> There is a great and acknowledged difference of opinion as to the respective merits of these systems. Many persons of competent judgment maintain that the apparatus for marking signs is worse than useless, as it causes delay, mistakes, uncertainty, and additional expense. It happens, therefore, that on some lines where the right to use Morse's marking apparatus has been purchased, the same has been discontinued, it being observed that messages could be received quicker and better by sound, without making any "record." So in England, although the old patent granted to Wheatstone & Cook has expired, no parties will use Morse's system, but the deflection of a small iron bar or "needle," as it is called, is preferred, especially as the marking apparatus requires a much stronger current to set it in motion than would suffice to deflect the needle. This is very important in rainy and foggy weather, when the electric fluid becomes dissipated and is very feeble at the receiving stations.
>
> I shall not venture to offer any opinion on the question which is the best form of the Electric Telegraph, but confine myself to the correction of the popular error before alluded to. If it be asked, who then did invent the Electric Telegraph? I will answer in the words of Dr. Turnbull, who gave a series of lectures on the Electro Magnetic Telegraph, before the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, in the session of 1850–'51, and whose admirable work on the subject deserves general attention. "It has required a long series of years to develope and perfect it; it is not the invention of one man, or any set of men; nor of one nation, but of many nations, each adding their mite to the noble structure."—*Turnbull on the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*, Introduction, p. 1.

Clippings.

ALTHOUGH beneath the mistletoe bough
I may not kiss thee, proud Mary, just now,
Yet still there are certain times, I suppose,
When you would not object to be kissed "'neath
the rose."

☞ A dentist at Washington has taken out a patent for generating gas from wood. This gas will be so cheap, that it is estimated that the streets and houses of Norfolk can be lit up for a sum not exceeding a dollar per night. The recent experiment in lighting the town of Basle, Switzerland, with wood gas was a failure. Perhaps the city of Norfolk, which has made a contract with the dentist, will succeed better. Pine wood is preferred to any other, and the gas generated from it costs comparatively nothing. This is almost as cheap as moonshine. The apparatus for generating this gas is extremely cheap and simple.

☞ Electro-magnetism, as a motive power, is one on which many ingenious heads are busy. The inventor of the latest attempt of this kind, declares in the last number of *The Builder*, that his machine "differs from all others in this respect, that the currents are always in one direction, acting upon a lever-magnet, producing direct rotary motion, requiring neither beam, crank, fly-wheel, pinion nor piston-rod;" and adds, "there is no momentum to check, or current to break or change."

☞ Hawthorne is writing a new work, which will shortly be issued. It is entitled "The Tanglewood Papers."

☞ Mint juleps were invented, it is said, by a Virginia editor, who, having kissed a pretty girl after she had eaten some mint, was so intoxicated with pleasure that he devoted several months to producing an article which would recall the original as vividly as possible.

☞ If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember, the duller the razor the more you cut yourself with it.

☞ Eyes are the Electric Telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

☞ The London Times recently spoke of Boston as the capital of New England!—and of Worcester as possessing one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic seaboard!

☞ An officer who was recently instrumental in rescuing a lady from a runaway horse, in Regent Park, London, has won her fair hand with £20,000.

☞ The man who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella, was seen, a day or two ago, walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking glass without taking a peep at herself. It is believed they are engaged. May every blessing attend 'em.

☞ A spindle-shanked old gentleman having put on a new pair of boots, said to a friend:—"What do you think of my new boots?" who shrewdly replied, "Sir, your boots look very nice—but your legs appear in them much like a rope in a well."

☞ Falling stars are footsteps of angels.—And as Feodora gazed at the meteor, Wassili said: "Where the foot of the heavenly angel hath trodden, the eyes of an earthly angel have gazed."

☞ According to law, the survivors of railway accidents can *recover*. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law; we wish it were equally sure as a matter of fact.

☞ One million five hundred thousand persons were arrested in France, from the 2nd of December, 1851, to June last, and yet not 300,000 voted "No" to the Empire! That's the way to carry an election.

☞ TIT FOR TAT.—The Advertiser calls the Union "a certain paper," whereupon the Union says the Advertiser is "a very *uncertain* paper."

☞ "Have you ever been to Cork?" asked an Irishman of a Cockney traveller, who was a *tee-totaler*. "No," was the reply, "but I have seen a good many *drawings* of it!"

☞ A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long. "Dear mamma, don't you see?" replied the daughter; "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract!"

☞ Two Mormon Missionaries have been preaching among the Cherokee nation. They have been attentively listened to by large audiences, but have made no converts.

☞ An afflicted old lady says: "I have buried several children—I've buried my husband—yet in all these troubles, I've found consolation in that passage of Scripture where it says, 'Fret not thy Gizzard.'"

☞ A man appeared at the City Hall, Boston, the other day, for a marriage certificate, giving as his occupation, "Rat, Mice and Cockroach Catcher." His intended, he said, followed the same business. It takes "all sorts and conditions" to make a world.

EPIGRAM TO A VERY LUSTY LADY.

"All flesh is grass," so doth the scripture say,
And grass when cut and dried, is turned to hay.
Then, if to thee when Death his scythe shall take,
Oh, bless me! what a hay-stack thou wilt make!

☞ A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, *and lick me besides!*" This appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against.

☞ Remember, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and stigmatize him as "small," that by and by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give.

☞ We have heard the following beautiful lines attributed to Longfellow:

"Oh, I seen her out a walking, in her habit de la
rue;
And it ain't no use a talking, but she's punkins and a
'few!'
She slides along in beauty, like a duck upon a lake,
And I'd be all love and duty if I only were her
drake!"

☞ A London omnibus driver was sentenced, a short time since, to six weeks hard labor in the House of Correction, for calling a lady a liar. She had offered him a fare of threepence, stating that she had got in at Fleet Street, to which the man replied:—"You are a liar; you got in at the bank." For this offence she had him summoned, and the magistrate sentenced him, as just stated.

☞ Rev. Antoinette Brown, the female preacher, has two invitations to settle as pastor of religious societies in the State of New York—one of them at Troy. It is probable that she will accept one of them.

☞ There are sixty-six babies in Charlestown, Mass., who have Frank Pierce attached to their names.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00	"

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude "Clara Moreland" in the present number. It is, in our opinion, the best production of its popular author. We have every reason to believe that it has afforded a great deal of pleasure to our readers.

We have thought it best to allow a week or two to elapse before beginning Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet of

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL,

as a kind of breathing spell, after such a long story. Besides, it will enable us to form a better idea as to the number of new subscribers who will wish to begin with the commencement of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet. It will be, we judge, somewhat about the length of Clara Moreland—perhaps, a little longer. We have not read it, and therefore cannot speak particularly as to its merits—we trusted everything to Mrs. Lee Hentz's deservedly high reputation.

We need only repeat—for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post—that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months—including "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE SENATE.

In the Executive Session of the Senate, the principal proceedings have been two speeches upon the Central American question, by Messrs. Clayton and Douglass. Mr. Clayton's was devoted to answering the charges made against him by Gen. Cass and others, and giving a complete history of his course when Secretary of State upon that subject. Mr. Douglass dwelt particularly upon the point that the Bay of Islands had been colonized by Great Britain in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine and of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He said here was a practical question—as to the Belize, Great Britain has possessed that before this nation existed. But he was for making an issue on these Bay Islands. There we are right and she is wrong. It was a violation of her plighted faith and our avowed policy. He argued very forcibly against requesting England to join us in any partnership in the affairs of the Isthmus, when we could have had the whole right of passage in our own hands. The conclusion of his speech was very forcible. He said:—

> The time had not yet arrived for annexing any part of either Mexico or Central America, but who could say when that time would not be here. Fifty years ago the propriety of the U. S. having any territory West of the Mississippi was doubted. Then our range of States was allowed, and the Indians placed so as to prevent any further progress Westward. That failed, our people broke down all such barriers, have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and stand on the Pacific. It was not long since that the acquisition of California was opposed, because it was too far off and too little known. Central America is the half-way house on the high road to California, and yet the man who thinks that day may arrive when the United States will find it necessary to own the half-way house to California, is set down as a madman. He was not disposed to hasten that day, nor was he disposed to limit the enlarged view of Democratic principles under a Democratic administration. No man can limit the future progress of this nation. No Treaties can fetter the limits of this Giant Republic—it will grow, and in growing will burst them asunder. Why then attempt to do it, by binding the nation not to do that which we know in time it will be compelled to do? Why bind ourselves to annex no more of Mexico when every man knows the day is fast approaching when we cannot prevent it. The only effect of such treaties will be that European nations will set us down as faithless, and regard Punic faith and American faith as synonomous. Don't gentlemen know that when this canal is completed the country on each side of it will be settled by Americans, with American feelings and principles, and who will have American institutions? Will this nation shut them out from its protection? While he would do nothing to hasten these events, he wished the public policy of the nation to be directed as to look the future in the face. He was opposed to the stipulation that the United States should not fortify the canal, because this left its mouth completely under the sole military command of Jamaica. Great Britain seized this river San Juan eight days after the treaty of peace with Mexico was concluded. It was then known that the United States would acquire California. Her object was too apparent to be mistaken; it was to cut us off from the Pacific. Knowing this, he did not sympathise in the expression of the Senator that we ought to avoid any difficulty with so friendly a nation as England. She was not friendly. There was too much in the past to allow friendship to exist. We have humbled her pride and have mortified her vanity. Were it not for us she would have been able to maintain her proud position as mistress of the world. She has no friendly feelings towards us, and we have none towards her. She is jealous of us, and where jealousy exists there is an end to friendship. Why talk then of the kind feelings of mother and daughter. Family feuds are the most savage and lasting. She is jealous of us. Why else has she placed a cordon of fortifications along our coast? Why does she seize upon every barren rock upon which she can place a cannon? Why does she keep up Gibraltar, and her posts at the Cape of Good Hope, except to command commerce? Why does she keep the Bermudas and Bahamas, except to keep up their constant sentinelship over the United States? He desired to foster no unkind feelings, but preferred to regard England as a great rival, towards whom we should preserve good faith, and insist on the same from her.

That is, undeniably, very forcibly put; but we would remind Mr. Douglass, that it does not follow because our annexations of almost unpeopled territories have proved so far apparently advantageous, that the annexation of territory containing a large population composed of ignorant and alien races, who scarcely understand the first principles of self-government, would be equally beneficial. This is a flaw in the argument, more or less serious.

Again: if England is "jealous of us," and if "family feuds are the most savage and lasting," what part does it become generous-minded and Christian men to take? Will such seek to keep alive such national jealousies, and these baleful things in the world, family feuds? This arguing a justification of evil from the presence of men to evil, is not the argument which should be used by one who is really and truly "progressive." Doubtless in the minds both of many Englishmen and many Americans, there are national jealousies, leading to corresponding unwise and mistrustful national policy towards each other; but there has been an improvement in this respect during the last twenty years, and we trust there is destined to be a still further improvement.

—— Since writing the above, a telegraphic account has been received from New Orleans, stating that the British steamship Devastation had anchored off Truxillo—a town in Honduras—and "demanded its surrender, in the name of the Mosquito King, giving but two hours to decide, under a threat of bombardment if the authorities refused. Under these circumstances, the inhabitants yielded under protest, and the Honduras flag was pulled down, and that of the Mosquito King was hoisted. The Devastation then proceeded to Limas, and a cannonading was afterwards heard from that quarter, and it was therefore presumed that the steamer had been attacked by the Honduras troops."

If this information be correct, it can scarcely fail, in the present aspect of Central American affairs, to produce a general feeling of indignation among our citizens. But we would advise all the readers of the Post, to practice a Christian precept, and be slow in thinking evil. It may be either that the account is incorrect, or that the commander of the Devastation has acted without sufficient authority from his Government. Over-zealous officers often give their superiors a great deal of trouble. The tone of the whole British press of late has been so friendly—and the aspect of European affairs is so portentous—that we cannot admit the belief for a moment that Great Britain will indorse any action calculated to give just cause of offence to the United States. And moreover, it becomes a great nation, conscious of its strength, always to be slow to believe that an insult or injury is intended it.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A puerile and somewhat vulgar criticism of this work, appears in the last number of "Graham's Magazine." As a sample of the refinement and clearness of style of the whole article, we may give the opening paragraph:—

> We meant to begin this notice by saying something, in a general way, concerning the character of a certain kind of lady-literature amongst us. But we let it pass, not caring to be *prolix* in a matter which has scared our sympathies into unwonted austerity, and also fearing we should *flutter the petticoats too furiously*, if we were to philosophize just now.

The critic proceeds to describe the book as "*a very poor performance, very poor indeed*"—and then devotes some *ten* columns of the magazine to its annihilation. A question in the simple rule of three thus presents itself,—if it take *ten* columns of Graham's critical wit and talent to show up a "*very* poor performance," how many columns would it take of the same species of wit and talent to demolish only a *moderately* poor one? After the critic has solved this little question in Arithmetic, perhaps he will be able to perceive that the writer who fills ten columns to prove the stupidity of another, conclusively demonstrates at the least his own stupidity.

As further proof—if any were needed—that our critic is not the ablest man in the world, we may state that, after tolling through nine columns which are meant to be sarcastic, but are only silly, he says:—"We have not, from the beginning to the end of the book, *been able* to discover one passage of true feeling, humor or pathos." This of a work which, in our columns, has thrilled the imaginations and hearts of hundreds of thousands of readers; and of which the New York "Literary World" has said, It would do no dishonor to Currer Bell, the author of Jane Eyre. Truly may our sapient critic describe himself as not "*able*" to perceive the beauties which lay before him.

But this we consider sufficient comment upon Graham's ten column criticism. It will do Mrs. Southworth no harm—and the critic, with a discerning public, no good—

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

And now a few words on the book itself. We have never, as our readers well know, been an indiscriminating eulogist of Mrs. Southworth's productions. Her works are marked by great beauties, and frequent blemishes. Unfortunately forced to almost daily exertions to provide the means of subsistence for herself and children, she has written, corrected and published in too much of a hurry. Had she written under different circumstances, probably she would have polished and pruned much which has come before the world in all its original life and vigor, but likewise in all its imperfection. Whether, under different circumstances, she would have written at all, is doubtful. Whether, if she had written, and taken time to prune and polish, much native force and vigor would not have been lost, is a question. But the force of circumstances constrained her to do as she has done, and doubtless she would say with the poet,

—— "What is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier!"

Her faults, like her virtues, are those of her class—they are such as, in a greater or less degree, distinguish nearly all highly imaginative writers, "Currer Bell," D'Israeli, Bulwer, the Misses Porters, Shelley, Byron—even the great master of the art, Shakspeare, himself. How much that is objectionable in all. Even in Shakspeare, what bombast, what tearing of a passion to tatters, what burdensome attempts at wit. And *yet*, as Carlyle says, "the question is not how much chaff there is in a man, but is there any wheat?" Or, as the old proverb says, "Better a diamond with flaws, than a pebble without any." And it is by this rule such writers are to be judged.

As to the "Curse of Clifton," it has its faults—but its virtues infinitely outweigh them. To what is really objectionable in the work, we blame no one for taking exception. But after all rightful allowance for imperfections is made, how much vividness of description, power of depicting character, depth of tenderness and passion, fertility of invention, pathos, nobleness, charity, and religious faith and trust remain. Doing honor alike to the author, her sex, and American genius.

INCREASE OF SALARIES.—It appears that we were wrong in stating that the amendment to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, increasing the salaries of the Vice-President and the Heads of Departments, was lost. It was carried, and the salaries of all these officers were thus increased from $5,000 to $8,000 a year. The office of Assistant-Secretary of State also was created, with a salary attached to it of $3,000. Besides this, six thousand dollars, in addition to their present salaries, was granted to the American ministers to Great Britain, France, Spain and Russia, to pay for house rent, &c.; and four thousand additional is to be given to the minister resident in Turkey.

ALAS FOR THE LADIES.—Ik Marvel, the Revery Bachelor, is out of the market. "Ye that have tears," fair dames, "prepare to shed them now." A correspondent of the Home Journal says:—

> Ik Marvel has wooed and won his treasure; he is affianced to the fairest and gentlest of maidens—a high-bred and lovely daughter of aristocratic and sunny Charleston! Yes! he is taking his last "whiff" of that bachelor cigar which has made him so famous. When next he publishes, his "Reveries" will be interrupted by no ideal calls, but by the stern necessity of walking out with his charming bride, or conducting her to balls and operas.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—We notice that three more companies have been ordered out of service by the Court, for rioting. If things go on in this way—and we hope they will, for we like to see boils on the body politic coming to a head—we shall soon have all our volunteer companies out of service, and be *forced* to organize a new and paid department. Give us a paid department, and a consolidated government, and we shall become—what we are not exactly now—an honor to the State and the Union.

PROTECTION.—An anecdote is told by a cotemporary of Mr. Westcott, of Florida. When the tariff of 1846 was under discussion in the Senate, Mr. Westcott resolutely refused to support it, unless a certain important article of Floridian production were protected. And what do you think it was, reader? Why nothing less than *turtles*. And, accordingly, turtles went into the tariff, and they are the subjects of protection to this day."

A STRONG COMMITTEE.—The following Committee on Foreign Affairs, recently was appointed in the Senate:—

On Foreign Relations—Mr. Mason, Chairman; and Messrs. Douglass, Clayton, Norris and Everett.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—Five of our subscribers in Marshall, Harrison county, Texas, have united in the following letter to us:—

> The undersigned have for some time been subscribers and readers of your valuable and widely circulated paper.
>
> We have noticed it liberal in its principles, National in its character, and, without being partizan or sectarian, free for communications on any religious, moral or political question.
>
> We have read a Review on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by "Minos," and from its tone and sentiment deem it worthy an extensive circulation, and most earnestly solicit for it a place in your columns.

Accompanying the above, is the Review in question, occupying nearly three columns of a Louisiana paper.

While we should like to oblige our Texas friends, there is one difficulty in the way, which perhaps they have not thought of. The Post is a "neutral" paper—which neutrality it always manifests in one of two ways, at the discretion of its editor. It either allows both sides of every public question to have a hearing in its pages, or it closes its columns to both. We have never yet expressed any views in the Post—editorially, or from correspondents—that we have not published any ably written article sent to us by those who differed from such views. This is what we call a *live* neutrality, in contradistinction to the *dead* neutrality which some papers universally practice.

Now, if we were to publish this article *against* Uncle Tom's Cabin, to please our friends in Texas, we doubtless should receive in short order, a criticism upon that criticism, from some town in the North or West. In other words, we should open our columns to the discussion in its whole length and breadth, of the question of slavery.

Now, for our own part, we should have no objection to doing this, under certain conditions, if it were equally satisfactory to our readers, North and South. But we fear it would not be satisfactory to a large portion of them, under any conditions. And such a discussion, to be at all suitable for the Post, would have to be carried on between two antagonists, each possessing a very high grade of ability, and that moderation of thought and language which should accompany such ability, when engaged in the investigation of a practical question of almost unequalled delicacy and importance. When two such champions offer themselves on the part of their respective causes, it will be time enough, we think, to take the sense of our readers—especially our Southern ones, *as they would be the assailed party*—on the policy of giving them a fair and neutral field for their discussion.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—A recent arrival from Europe brings advices of a threatened rupture between Russia and Austria on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, relative to the Montenegro invasion by the latter. Austria has demanded the cession of the two ports of "Kleck" and "Tuterina;" and upon the refusal of the Porte to comply with the demand, her Minister had left Constantinople, and her troops were advancing to the Turkish frontier. Austria probably is merely Russia's catspaw in the business, to pull the latter's chesnuts out of the Turkish fire. Turkey is said to have sought the intervention of England and France, and thrown herself upon their protection, which probably will be given.

There also is a report of a menaced outbreak in Hungary; which surely will come to pass in case of a war between Austria and Turkey. It is stated that the man who recently attempted to assassinate the Emperor of Austria, is the husband of the woman who was flogged to death at Pesth in 1849. He is said to have confessed that he had been waiting ever since for an opportunity to revenge himself and her. When he was led to prison he shouted "Vive Kossuth!" If this account be true, we neither blame nor justify him. There are some wrongs which put the sufferer beyond the moral jurisdiction of his fellow-man.

A vote of 234 to 205 in the British House of Commons, indicates the approaching removal of the Jewish disabilities. This is well.

Mazzini is believed by the Austrian police, to be concealed in Milan. We trust not. It seems that one of the Hungarian regiments in that city, refused to fire on the people. It is to be sent to Croatia.

A PRETTY SCENE.—The members of the New York Common Council were sentenced on the 12th, by the Judges of the Superior Court:—

> The Judges on the bench presiding on the occasion, were Duer and Emmet. All the Aldermen indicted for violating the injunction of the Court in the matter of the Broadway railroad were brought up for sentence, at 11 o'clock. There they stood—the city fathers—before the scornful gaze of a crowded Court room, and among many of the spectators a good many who had personally suffered from their official misconduct. Alderman Sturdevant, steeped deeper in guilt than the rest, was sentenced to the city prison for fifteen days, and to pay a fine of $350; the others (thirty-six in number) to be imprisoned for a term of ten days, and to pay respectively a fine of $350 each. There were but two Aldermen out of the whole forty who obeyed the injunction, and those, of course, go clear. As soon as the sentence was declared, there was a demonstration of applause on the part of the spectators, but it was promptly repressed by the Court. Shame and humiliation, it would seem, were the only sentiments befitting the occasion. An appeal was taken by the counsel for some of the convicted, but it is the general opinion of the bar that it will go for nothing. Their honors, therefore, had better get into Black Maria and ride off to the Egyptian tombs as soon as possible.

This sentence was merely for disregarding the injunction of a Court. The charges of gross corruption have yet to be tried. And yet these are the rulers of a city which calls itself the greatest in America. If all the tales of dishonesty told by the merchants of this city and of the West be true, they probably faithfully represent their constituents. We question whether, if the whole Union were as steeped in moral and political corruption as that one city, a Republican government would be long possible in America.

MAKING PROGRESS.—The "Table Movement" is said to be not only "progressive" in a material, but in a metaphorical sense. A correspondent of the "Home Journal" says:—

> After the table has been turning, or in motion some fifteen or twenty minutes, let the person seat himself at the table, in position to write, with a half sheet of paper, and a pen with ink in it. In the course of less than a minute, the pen will commence *its* motion; the hand will slide gradually along, and legible, correct sentences will be found written on the paper. As a proof that the holder of the pen does not exercise his volition, he may read from a book or newspaper while the pen is writing. The companions, who had their hands upon the table before the writing commenced, must continue to hold their hands on it while the writing is going on, for it is a fixed fact "that the pen will *not* write, unless the table is kept under the 'influence.'"

The table will not turn for me, nor will the pen write in my hand; but I have seen the table move, and the pen write, in the hands of half a dozen of my friends.

Apropos to the above, that is a capital piece of poetry on our fourth page:—

"For Satan will find something still
For idle hands to do."

☞ The form of cravats for gentlemen has undergone a change in Paris, the stiff high cravat is no longer worn. Those worn are not more than an inch and a half wide; some of the very young gentlemen turn down the shirt collar over the cravat, thus leaving the throat exposed.

Glad to chronicle that change. High stocks and cravats are an abomination. But long-necked young gentlemen should not turn down their collars too much. It gives them the look of one whose neck has been elongated by a certain hempen operation.

ATROCIOUS MURDER.—We are not much in the habit of giving detailed accounts of "horrid murders," but the atrocity of the case recorded this week in our local column, almost necessitates an account of it. It has sent a thrill of mingled horror and pity through the veins of our community. We have seen a statement that evidence has been discovered which fixes the guilt conclusively on Arthur Spring; but every man has a right to be considered innocent, until proved to be guilty by due course of law.

☞ The N. Y. "Journal of Commerce," alluding to the recent developments—devilopments—in that city, says:—"Such a developement of corruption and fraud on the part of persons occupying positions of trust and honor, we venture to say, *has no parallel in the history of municipal corporations the world over.*"

And yet the Journal of Commerce would like to see the National Mint removed from this city to New York!

NEW JERSEY.—We perceive that the people of this State are considering seriously the project of purchasing back their independence from the great Joint Railroad and Canal Companies. The plan is to set apart $50,000 yearly for a sinking fund. We wish the project all success. State sovereignty is rather too valuable to be bartered away for any sum of money—and this the "Jersey Blues" are beginning to find out.

PHONOGRAPHY.—Mr. Benn Pitman, of Bath, England, brother to the Mr. Pitman of Phonographic celebrity, has arrived in this country for the purpose of disseminating this art—which is very useful for reporting purposes. Mr. Pitman is now in this city.

CLARA MORELAND IN BOOK FORM—AND A CORRECTION.—We are indebted for the illustrations of "Clara Moreland," on our first page, to Mr. T. B. Peterson, who is about to issue the work for the author in book form, with some half-dozen engravings, including those we have given.

We may avail ourselves of the present opportunity to correct an error, which some persons inadvertently fall into. We are not publishers of books; nor is Mr. T. B. Peterson the publisher of the Post. We have not the slightest connection with or interest in his business; nor he in ours. Therefore those who wish to subscribe for the Post, will please direct their letters to Deacon & Peterson; and those who wish to purchase books, will send their money either to T. B. Peterson, or to R. E. Peterson—both of whom are publishers and booksellers in this city—or to anybody else in that line they may fancy.

THE OFFICES.—Mr. Marcy is said to have informed the Clerks in the State Department, that no efficient and faithful officer will be discharged. We, who have steadily opposed the practice of removing from subordinate offices for opinion's sake, for many years, and under various administrations, hardly dare to hope the report is true. If it be—if the language of Gen. Pierce in his Inaugural really means what reasonably may be inferred—we shall give his Administration the high credit of setting a precedent which will do more to prevent the abuse of politics, and the spread of official corruption, than all the penal laws which Congress could frame.

RIGHTS OF HOTEL-KEEPERS.—In a recent suit in this city, the Alderman decided—according to a precedent unanimously laid down by the Court of Quarter Sessions some years ago—that the maxim, "a man's house is his castle," applied to landlords the same as to private citizens. And that therefore they could legally eject all persons obnoxious to them.

Our Correspondents

DID ALEXANDER THE GREAT WEEP? AND WHY?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR: Having read in "the Post" lately about the burning of the Temple of Diana, and the weeping of Alexander, and perceiving that *your correspondents* are somewhat in error concerning the latter, even whilst attempting to *correct* errors, I send you some statements from authentic sources, which, it is to be hoped, will settle the matter.

The following passage from *Plutarch*, which I give in the original, and accompanied by a literal translation, will teach us the opinion that prevailed in the writer's day concerning this matter. He says:—(*We omit the extract in the original, as we have no Greek letter.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post*).—"Alexander hearing Anaxarchus lecture on the infinity of worlds, wept; and on his friends asking him why he wept, he said, 'Is there not cause that I should weep, if there are innumerable worlds, and we have not as yet become masters of one?'"

Juvenal gives us a short account of the same person in the following passage:—

"Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi
Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho."

Thus translated by *Gifford*:

"One world the ambitious youth of Pella found
Too small; and tossed his feverish limbs around,
And gasped for breath; as if immured the while
In Gyara, or Seripho's rocky isle."

We see, then, that the *fact* of Alexander's *weeping*, is thus established, and the reason given by *Plutarch* that "He had not yet conquered one world." And on the other hand, *Juvenal* represents him as desiring to conquer *more than one* world, as if one had already been subdued. That he did conquer what was at that time called "*the world*" is acknowledged by at least one writer worthy of belief, who says:—"Quum Verò (Julius Cæsar) Gades, quod est Hispania Oppidum, Venisset, Visâ Alexandri Magni imagine, ingemuit, et lacrymas fudit; causam quærentibus amicis: 'Nonne,' inquit, 'idoneadolendi causa est, quòd nihil dum memorabile gesserim, eam ætatem adeptus, *quâ Alexander Jam terrarum orbem subegerat?*'" "When *Julius Cæsar* had come to Cadiz, which is a city of Spain, and saw the image of Alexander the Great, he groaned and shed tears. To his friends inquiring the cause, he said, 'Is there not just reason for my weeping, since I have as yet done nothing memorable, although having arrived at the age, *at which Alexander had subdued the world*—(Literally 'the orb of the earth,' or, 'the circle of the Lands.'"—[Julius Cæsar, in "Viri Romæ."]

Now, Mr. Editor, is it not probable that those passages have been so confused in the minds of many, as to give rise to the false statements which we so often hear and read about Alexander and Cæsar? Is it not probable (as Juvenal hints) that Alexander did *weep* or *wish*, (or something of the kind,) for an opportunity to conquer other worlds—even though, in the strict sense of the words, he had not conquered this one? The supposition would be entirely in accordance with his known character. Indeed the remark of Plutarch quoted above makes the supposition reasonable; and that of Juvenal confirms it. Moreover the remark attributed to Julius Cæsar shows that he had conquered the world at an early age, and it is therefore to be expected that he would *wish* for, perhaps *weep* for, more of the same kind of work. It should be remembered, however, that such a wish in the mouth of Alexander would be a mere boast, such as the Ancient Roman and Grecian Kings and commanders were very ready at when an opportunity was given. That he might have *wept* because he could not fully gratify his pride and ambition is reasonable; but that he actually did so I am unprepared to say positively.

In the loose way of thinking and speaking which is so common among many of our fellow-men, perhaps Alexander may have obtained the credit of Julius Cæsar's tears before the image of the former; and this supposition added to the fact that Alexander did "weep about unconquered worlds" on one occasion, has no doubt given currency to the statements to that effect made "from the bench, the bar, the pulpit, &c." Even a "wise man" might easily, under these circumstances, make such a mistake.

But however this may be, the present writer has only endeavored to set the matter in its proper position, by "posting up" your readers in the facts of the case, so far as they are known to him, and let them accordingly judge for themselves. They ought, however, to bear in mind that many of the sayings current about "the great ones" of ancient times, are very much *varied* by writers who lived either contemporaneously with them or shortly after—so that it would hardly be safe "to swear to" any of them. I, at least, am free to believe, just as I please, that Alexander the Great *did or did not* "*weep for more worlds to conquer.*"

F.

Connellsville, Pa.

Clippings.

NO TRACE.

O'er all the world four things we find
Which leave no mark or trace behind:
The eagle soaring high and free,
The ship which sails the foaming sea,
The snake as o'er the rock he slips,
And lover's kiss on maiden lips.

☞ An English writer, in a work lately published, proposes to settle accounts with the Kaffir tribes, by *extirpating them to a man*.

☞ "Go in, lemons, and get squeezed," is now rendered—"Enter, acidulous tropical fruit, and submit to a powerful pressure."

☞ The Empress of the French received her education in England. When a girl, Mdlle. Montijo, with her sister, the present Duchess of Alba, were pupils at a highly respectable establishment at Bristol.

☞ One of the "Advent" brethren, on London Ridge, was lately discoursing on the vanities of the world, and especially of riches. "In the fore part of my life," said he, "I was very craving, yet everything seemed to go agin me; yet I've had food and *raiment enough to eat!*" And the good brother seemed to have no idea of starving so long as such fare held out.

☞ "The Franciscan monks," writes Grace Greenwood, from Rome, "are the ugliest, coarsest, most miserably animal-looking set of men I have encountered, in or out of the church. I declare to you, that in all that long procession, I saw not one whose countenance revealed that he had one high thought in his brain, one pure aspiration or gentle human affection in his heart."

☞ One of our Boston "literary" weeklies has made the discovery that the epitaph of Gray's Elegy was written by "Professor James Knowles!" The first verse, says the sagacious critic, is "fine," the "second is strained and artificial;" and the third is "shocking." Well, if we haven't "got a Bourbon among us," we've got a booby sure!—*Boston Rambler.*

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette says the opening of new railroads, and the cheapening of railroad fare, have largely increased the amount of steamboat traffic and travel.

MOTTO FOR BON-BONS.

Accept these beauteous lumps of chalk and paint,
And eat them if you're silly, which you ain't.

WITH A WORK-BOX.

Wife or intended one, remember this,
Who sews on buttons, sows the seeds of bliss.

☞ It is related of Socrates, that he could call every citizen of Athens by name; but his power is less wonderful than that possessed by a man of Delphos, of whom Cicero recounts that he could distinguish the individuality of eggs as readily as the difference in faces; and that, although he kept a great number of hens, he could tell which of the cackling matrons had laid any particular egg.

☞ TAXES.—A Massachusetts man says:—"A tax bill was recently brought to me on my city property of $800 for which I gave my check. I carefully looked into the subject and found that $650 of it was for the support of drunkenness."

☞ A MINE OF WEALTH.—The last intelligence from the mining districts informs us that there is no difficulty in finding plenty of quartz. We wish some enterprising individual would convert the quartz into wine-bottles, which are, at present, little better than pints.—*Punch.*

☞ The word piety occurs but once in the Bible. Although the thing is enjoined or understood on almost every page, the name is not mentioned. Inversely with us, the name is more frequent than the thing.—*Christian Inquirer.*

☞ A "dead letter" containing $2,500 was discovered in the dead letter office at Washington, last week.

"The gentleman who dines the latest,
Is in our street esteemed the greatest;
Then surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all."

☞ PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—A man was "thrown upon his own resources" in this city last week. He was injured internally, but it is thought that he will recover, as the resources were not very extensive or powerful.

☞ A Western paper says that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod, that two mullen stalks and a huckleberry bush are called a grove.

☞ The Marquis of Lansdowne called one morning on the Countess of Cork, and found the house in a state of bustle and excitement. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne! come in! I am so glad you arrived at this moment! only think! the gray parrot has just laid an egg."—*Moore's Diary.*

☞ Mrs. Howard, the late mistress of Napoleon III., has been ennobled by the Emperor, who has purchased and made her proprietor of the village of Beauregard, near Versailles. She will bear the title of Countess of Beauregard.

☞ A letter from Florence mentions that there is a giant in that city who has sold his body to the Academy of Sciences for scientific purposes, and is to receive, as a compensation, 50 cts. per day till he dies.

☞ Lord Shaftsbury says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

☞ When the Erie Canal is enlarged, the tonnage transported on it will be equal to the capacity of nine railroad tracks.

☞ THE OLDEST CAKE YET.—A lady in Old Hadley has in her possession a piece of cake thirty-two years old. This is a little ahead of anything we have heard of.

☞ A negro barber in Albany, when partially recovered from the small pox, left his bed and commenced shaving his customers as usual. A young man whom he shaved, and who, it is supposed, caught the infection from the barber, died a few days ago, and one or two others, have taken the disease from him. His shop has since been shut up by the city authorities.

☞ HAVE WE A GRANDFATHER AMONG US?—The late Dr. William Kirkpatrick, Superintendent of the Syracuse Salt Works, was cousin to the grandfather of the Empress of France, the Consul of Malaga. The Kirkpatricks are not a numerous family, and it is said that the Empress has quite a number of relatives in America and Scotland, including several in New York city, one of whom, a cousin of the Empress, has recently left for Paris to join in her good fortune.

☞ Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to be hollow, just where some one else bulges. Be receptive, therefore, to the man of science, enjoy the joker without a struggle for supremacy, and play conductor for the electricity of the wit; then, if there is anything in the fellows, you'll get it out of them, and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company; and, besides, if there is nothing particular in you, (which is barely possible, but still possible,) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.—*Dr. Elder.*

☞ M. P. Fillmore, son of the ex-President, will form a law partnership in the city of New York, with a son of Mr. Corwin, and this same son of Mr. Corwin is strongly suspected of an intention to marry young Fillmore's sister.—The whole operation is to be added to the series of Compromise measures.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says—"She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door."

☞ The Christian Register of Boston, after mentioning that Louis Napoleon's wedding cake was made in London, adds that there may be some excuse for being beaten at Waterloo; but for France to be outdone in the confectionary line is a sign of weakness.

☞ One county in Virginia produces, annually, a quarter of a million dollars' worth of pea-nuts.

☞ The reported decrease in the French army, proposed by the Emperor, is said, by the Paris correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, to be a mere sham, the men to be discharged being entitled to it, owing to the expiration of their term of service; besides which they are only to be partially released, so that they may be at any moment recalled.

☞ THE ORIGINAL OF ROCHESTER.—It is stated that Currer Bell, *alias* Miss Bronte, was at one period of her life a governess in the family of Mr. Thackeray, and that she had that distinguished author in her mind's eye, when she drew the character of *Rochester* in "Jane Eyre."

☞ At the recent Inauguration, Gen. Pierce is said to have *affirmed*, with his hand uplifted.

☞ A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood, which he had sent to her during a hard winter.—*Literary Museum.*

☞ M. Eugene Sue states that in Savoy, all the farm-work of ploughing and drawing, instead of being done by horses or oxen, is performed by milch cows, which work eight or ten hours a day, without the slightest depreciation of the quality or quantity of milk.

☞ Rumor-making is a business in Washington. Several persons earn a good living at it.

☞ Barnum denies that Tom Thumb drinks champagne. He says—"The little General has been a pledged and practical *teetotaller* for six years."

☞ Mr. James W. Benedict, of Galveston, has manufactured some most beautiful boots and shoes with leather made of alligator skins. These skins are tanned and prepared so that they resemble the finest calf-skin in pliability, and are beautifully mottled, like tortoise shell. He intends to send a pair of boots to the World's Fair in New York.

☞ The Sandy Hill (N. Y.) Herald says, the celebrated tree near Fort Edward, under which Jane McCrea was assassinated by the Indians, is to be cut down and made into snuff boxes.

☞ WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?—At the recent meeting of the American Board of Missions, it was stated that since 1789, the United States had paid to the Indians in money $35,274,877, in lands $71,410,723, making an aggregate of $106,000,000.

☞ CONCLUSIVE REASONING.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of Resurrectionists, says: that nearly all the subjects dissected in New England, are obtained in New York, at almost any time they are ordered. And it is right. A large number of persons in New York die annually who, if they can be of the slightest benefit to science or humanity, by giving over their bodies for dissection, will thus get their only chance to atone for their sins against the community, and to be of some use to the world.

☞ Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University, has been examining the table tipping experiments, usually attributed either to electricity or to spirits. He decides that it is not electricity, but thinks it governed by some heretofore undiscovered law of nature.

☞ An elephant has the strength of about 150 men.

POSTSCRIPT.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The Uncle Sam has arrived at New York, with two weeks' later news. She brings $500,000, and reports that $3,700,556 is on its way.

The local California items are few, and possess little interest. The mining intelligence is generally of the most cheering character. Emigration to Australia has nearly ceased. The grain crops are in a forward and encouraging state.

SANTA ANNA IN MEXICO.—By an arrival at New Orleans on the 11th, we learn that an English steamer was met seven days before, off the port of Vera Cruz, with Santa Anna on board.

Miscellaneous.

SPIRITUALISM IN TULLYTOWN.—Tullytown is a smart little village, on the turnpike, a few miles below Morrisville. Spiritualism, it appears, not only finds a soil suitable to its growth in Morrisville, of which fact we gave some "rappings" a few days since, but has extended as far as Tullytown. This latter place, however, contains many unbelievers, who are very much disposed to turn this serious subject into ridicule. One night last week, a "circle" had commenced operations, and a number of the "unbelievers" were permitted to be present. After putting a variety of questions to the departed spirit, which had been aroused from its slumbers to instruct the "giddy multitude" in the mysteries of the other world, and receiving no very satisfactory answers, one of the party put the following question:

"Will the spirit inform us who is present in this room?"

A tremendous rapping commenced, so great as to alarm several women present. All were silent and eager to hear the answer. The spirit finally answered—

"The Devil!"

A dead silence prevailed, while all present gazed intently upon each other. At last one of the "unbelievers" groaned in a very unnatural tone and set the whole party to scampering. One man ran all the way to Morrisville, and the next morning declared to several of his neighbors that the devil had kept close upon his heels the whole distance.—*Trenton Gaz.*

"THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."—The Bangor Whig relates that in the little town of Eddington, there is a family consisting of six children, the mother of whom is robust, healthy and active, but the father is of quite a different character. It had been arranged that the wife should go to California and make her "pile," whilst the husband should stay at home and take care of the children. This arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and the woman obtained her outfit for the land of gold. On arriving at New York she found an opportunity to cook during the passage out, and she immediately sent back to her family fifty dollars of her funds, and has gone on her way rejoicing, and with the determination to get her share of the gold of California.

☞ "How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it; your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious?" "No family has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we *owe* everybody."

☞ We note in a cotemporary's column, the advertisement of a lady for a husband. "None need apply under six feet!" Whew! but the lady goes in ferociously for Hy-men.

General News.

INTERESTING FROM CUBA.—We have received our files of the "Diario de la Habana" up to Feb. 2d, and translate as follows:

Gen. Santa Anna had not arrived at Havana, as was expected, in the last steamer, and it was supposed that his voyage has been postponed till the next one.

The question of importation of Chinese laborers was being earnestly discussed; the majority of the influential portion of society appear to be opposed to it, as having a tendency to injure the interests of the Island.

The "Diario de la Habana" contains a communication, which has been unanimously approved by the "Ayuntamiento," and which contains, among other remarks, the following: "The subscribers consider that there exists no other method of ensuring the further existence of the large sugar estates which form the chief part of the wealth of the Island, than to continue the importation of slaves, or to decrease the cost of manufacture by means of machinery under the presumption of high prices, which will allow the producer to pay wages at the current rate." "These methods not being under our control, there remains no other way than the division of labor, which presupposes the division of property."

The article, after deprecating all methods of attaining this object as a gross infringement of social rights, recommends the experimental establishment of sugar estates in which all the work shall be performed by white laborers, under contract, and closes with a proposal for the encouragement of white Catholic immigration.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, Feb. 26.—The sales of cotton for the week only reached 34,000 bales. Holders have been pressing on the market, and middling and lower grades have declined in price; the latter have declined most. The quotations are as follows:—New Orleans Fair 6¾; Orleans Middling 5⅞ a 5¾; Upland Fair 6; Upland Middling 5⅜ a 5½. The sales to speculators were 5,000 bales, and to exporters 3,000. Trade in the manufacturing districts has largely fallen off.

HAVRE, Feb. 25.—The sales of Cotton for the past week reach 10,000 bales, and rates have advanced.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson's circular quotes the market as dull. On Friday the retail sales of wheat were at Tuesday's rates, but buyers in quantity made their purchases at 1d. a 2d. under Tuesday's rates. Flour was extremely dull, at 6d. decline. Corn was easier, at the following rates:—White Wheat 7s. 2d. a 7s. 6d.; mixed red, 6s. 10d. a 7s.; yellow Corn, 31s. 6d. a 32s.; white, 34s. a 34s. 6d. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Ohio Flour, 26s. 6d. a 27s.

PROVISIONS, LIVERPOOL, Feb. 26.—McHenry's circular quotes Irish bacon from 1s. to 2s. lower, and dull. American Bacon is wanted. Beef and Pork are in moderate request, and prices are unchanged. Lard was in moderate demand. Prices are from 2s. to 3s. lower.

METHODISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—The editor of the Zion's Herald takes the following view of the progress of Methodism in this country. He says:

> "American Methodism is not yet a century old. In the incredibly short space of eighty-seven years it has built four thousand two hundred and twenty churches, (which is a little less than one for every week of her existence,) at a cost of fourteen millions seven hundred and thirty thousand five hundred and seventy-one dollars. It has also erected and endowed its colleges and numerous academies with large sums. It has built innumerable parsonages, and supplied itself with Church and Sabbath school literature. Now, most of these churches, having been newly erected, rebuilt, or remodelled, and most of these vast outlays having been made within the last quarter of a century, we think it no exaggeration to estimate the expenditures of Methodism in the United States for home purposes at an average very little short of one million of dollars per annum for the last twenty-five years; in addition to that, it has paid for the support of its ministry."

INVASION OF ENGLAND.—Sir Charles Napier has addressed a letter to the London Times in relation to the French invasion. He urges an effective system of defence, and says that the British cannot bring into the field more than 20,000 regular troops of all arms, after leaving garrisons in places that must be defended. He adds:—

> That is a very small force for the protection of the country, even when supported by 80,000 militia. The Government, however, seem satisfied. I therefore conclude they have no fear of a sudden attack, and the 80,000 militia, if well officered, and well commanded, and kept longer in the field, will no doubt become effective in time. As to the navy, I am in hopes that the 5,000 seamen and 1,500 marines voted will enable the Admiralty to produce an efficient Channel fleet, and, as the committee have made their report on manning the navy, it is to be hoped some plan will be fixed upon to enable the Queen to call out the seamen wanted in any emergency.

MONUMENT TO GEN. HARRISON.—A public meeting was held a few days since, at Vincennes, Ind., with a view of petitioning the Legislature for aid in erecting in that town a monument to Gen. Harrison, the first Governor of that State. A further meeting will soon be held to carry out the project. The Vincennes Gazette thinks that town is the only proper place for such a memorial of the departed General, both as the place of his residence and the scene of his numerous Councils with the Indians.

MAPLE SUGAR.—At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, of New York, an article was read on the subject of maple sugar and of its great importance as one of the products of our country. By the late census, it appears that the production of maple sugar in this country, in 1850, was within a small fraction of thirty-four millions of pounds. An orchard of maple trees has been found almost equal, acre for acre, with the sugar cane in producing sugar and molasses.

ONE CENT A MILE RAILROAD FARE.—The N. Y. State Engineer and Surveyor, McAlpine, in his report to the Legislature of New York, in 1852, says:—"An important fact is also established, which up to this time had been doubted by most men conversant with railroad transports, which is, the passengers, *can be transported at an expense of less than one cent per mile.* This result is obtained as a rule, when the average loads are 90 passengers each mile run."

TEMPERANCE.—THE BENEFITS OF THE ABSENCE OF RUM.—Potter County, Pa., where no intoxicating liquor is sold, is attracting the attention of persons settling in Pennsylvania, as a place where life and property will be more secure, and county taxes lighter, than elsewhere in our State. The coroner's fees last year only amounted to fifty cents! The expenses of Philadelphia county, caused by intoxicating liquors, would go far to purchase Potter County out and out.

NEW YORK CITY REFORM.—The Committee, appointed at the Metropolitan Hall reform meeting in New York, have determined to go *en masse* to the Legislature, lay the city's grievances before them, and ask for such changes in the present municipal organization as experience has shown to be necessary.

THE NEXT STATE FAIR.—The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, have fixed upon the city of Pittsburg as the place for holding the next Agricultural Fair. Pittsburg pledges a subscription of $2,500 towards defraying the expenses.

CITIES OF THE WEST.—The three principal cities of the West have taken their respective censuses, with the following results:—Cincinnati, 160,186; Pittsburg, 110,500; St. Louis, 87,651. That the reader may see precisely the relative growth of these cities, the Railroad Record appends the U. S. census of 1850 and the present Increase:—

	1850.	1853.	Increase.
Cincinnati,	116,108	160,186	44,078
Pittsburg,	94,000	110,500	16,500
St. Louis,	82,744	87,654	4,910

The increase of Cincinnati is about 34 per cent.; of Pittsburg about 20 per cent.; and that of St. Louis about 5 per cent.

TREATMENT OF PAUPERS.—Massachusetts is about to adopt a new system with her paupers. Each applicant at the Almshouse is furnished with a new suit of clothes, and told to go to work. If he pleads sickness, he is despatched to the hospital, where, if he is shamming, hospital diet soon brings him to his strength. If he runs off with his new clothes, a description of the fugitive is despatched to the other Almshouses, and if he applies for relief to them, he is taken in and compelled to work till he has paid for his outfit. This plan seems a very good one.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business doing, and prices have undergone but few changes. The late foreign advices are rather unfavorable for Cotton and Breadstuffs, but they have little or no effect upon the market. Flour is rather firmer. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are excessively dull, and Wheat, Rye and Corn have been in better request. The Cotton market has been quiet. The Coal trade is assuming more activity. The Schuylkill canal is now open, and it is anticipated that an increased business will be done both by this route and by the railroad, during the coming season. In the mining districts the greatest activity prevails, and no distrust is felt of the year's business. Every miner expects to make a good year's work; and there is no fear of disappointment. Property in Schuylkill county, where alone the coal mining is left to individual enterprise, is advancing in value, and coal land and coal leases, with fixtures, are in great demand. The Iron market is inactive, and prices rather in favor of buyers. In Naval Stores and Oils there have been no changes, and the transactions have been limited. In Provisions there has been more doing. Rice meets a steady inquiry at full rates. Cloverseed continues in demand, and is taken on arrival at the advance noted at the close of last week. In Groceries there has been but a small business doing.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market was dull and inactive early in the week, owing in part to the unfavorable advices from Europe, and prices declined 12½c per bbl. Since, there has been more inquiry for shipment, and the sales amount to 10a12,000 bbls at $4,87½a4,90 for mixed and fair brands, and $5 for straight brands, closing at the latter quotation to-day for good brands, including some extra at $5,75. The sales for city consumption have been limited at $4,94a5,75 for common and extra brands, and fancy lots at higher quotations. Rye Flour is dull, and prices have again receded; sales 600 bbls at $4,06¼a3,87½, closing at the lowest figure. Corn Meal has been dull; sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3 per bbl.

GRAIN—There has been but little Wheat offering, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 6a9,000 bushels at $1,12 per bushel for prime Pennsylvania red, and $1,17a1,18 for white. Rye is in demand. Sales of 5a600 bushels at 80a81c. Corn is 2 cts per bushel lower, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 20a23,000 bushels at 62a60c for yellow, closing at the latter rate, and 58c for white. Oats are in better demand. Sales of 8a9,000 bushels at 42a43 cts per bushel for Pennsylvania, and 41c for Delaware.

PROVISIONS—There has been more inquiry for Pork, and considerable sales have been made at $17,50 per bbl for Mess; $16a16,25 for Prime, and $19 for Clear. Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $16,50a17 50 per bbl. Bacon meets a steady demand. Sales of Hams in pickle at 10½a11c, and smoked at 11 to 13 for plain and bagged; sales in salt 8¼, and Shoulders at 7a7½c per lb, 4 mos. Lard is steady; sales of bbls at 10a10½c, and kegs at 11a11½c per lb. about 1,000 kegs Irish Butter sold by auction at 11½a15½c per lb. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active trade going forward both among the jobbing and commission houses, and prices are firm for all descriptions of goods.

BARK—Quercitron Bark is held at $27a28 per ton, but there is little or no inquiry, and no sales have transpired.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Sales of good yellow at 27½a28c per lb.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited for both Sperm and Tallow Candles at former rates. Some sales of Western Adamantine has been made at 21c per lb.

COAL—There has been much activity in the market. Sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,77½a3,90, Red Ash at $3,50a3,65, and Lehigh Lump and prepared $3,75 per ton. The water was let into the Schuylkill Canal on the 1st inst.

COFFEE—There has been an arrival of 7,102 bags of Rio since our last notice, which has been disposed of on private terms. There has been a good demand, and 3,600 bags sold at 9¼a10c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Prices are firm at the late advance—Sales of English Sheathing at 33c, Yellow Metal 23, and Copper Bolts at 40c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and the late foreign advices have had no effect upon prices. Sales of 800 bales Upland and New Orleans within the range of 10 to 12c per lb on time, but principally at the former description.

The movement in Cotton since the 1st of Sept. have been as compared with the previous two years:

	1853.	1852.	1851.
Rec'pts into ports	2,43[illegible],000	1,909,000	1,687,000
Ex'pts to G. Br'tn	955,000	688,000	518,000
Do to France	181,000	249,000	215,000
Do other for. ports	71,000	130,000	126,000
Total Exports	1,207,000	1,067,001	[illegible]
Stock on hand,	745,000	568,000	[illegible]

Of which during the past week, included in the above:

	1853.	1852.	1851.
Receipts at ports,	105,000	118,000	65,000
Exports to G. Britain,	49,000	65,000	39,000
" France,	9,000	5,000	4,000
" other for. ports,	17,000	8,000	7,000
Total Exports,	64,000	78,000	50,000

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a fair business doing. Sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c; Sal Soda 1¾c per lb. Cantharides and Roll Brimstone are held for higher prices.

FEATHERS are scarce; sales of prime Western in lots, at 45c per lb, cash.

FRUIT—About 1,000 boxes Oranges and Lemons sold from the wharfs on terms kept private. Sales of Figs in lots at 10a11c per lb. Dried Apples are dull at 4¼a5c per lb.

GINSENG—Is scarce. We quote Crude at 40a45 cts per lb.

GUANO—There is more inquiry. Sales of Peruvian at $44a46 per ton, of 200 lbs.

HEMP—The stock is exceedingly small, and we have no sales to report.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals, and there are none here to operate in.

HOPS are dull; small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 23a25c per lb.

INDIGO is held firmly; sales of 5 cerons Manilla at 80a90c per lb, on time.

IRON—The market has been dull and inactive during the past week, and the only sales reported are small lots of Anthracite at our former quotations. Scotch Pig is still held at $35 per ton, 6 mos. Prices are firm for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—There has been more doing; sales of 1,600 pigs Chester county and Hard Lead at 7¼a7½c per lb, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Prices are firm for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and the stocks are small.

RICE—There has been a good demand during the past week, and about 600 casks sold at 4¼a4⅜c per lb, on time, and a choice lot at 4½c.

SALT—The receipts during the past week have been large; sales of about 24,000 sacks Ground and Fine, and 800 bushels Turks Island were made on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There has been an active inquiry for Cloverseed, and prices have again advanced; sales of 1,500 bushels at $6,37½a6,75 per 64 lbs, closing at the latter rate, and from second hands at $7a7,25. Timothy is in fair request, and 400 bushels sold at $2,75a3,25 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull at $1,50a1,58.

SPICES—Are held firmly, but the sales have been limited.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held firmly at our last quotations. N. E. Rum sells at 36c. Whiskey is in better demand at the close; sales of 500 bbls at 23c, and hhds at 22c.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet during the past week in consequence of the increased receipts and unfavorable state of the weather. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at $4,75a5,25, on time.

TALLOW—Is in steady demand; sales of Rendered at 9½a10½c per lb.

TEAS—There has been an increased demand and prices are firm for all descriptions.

LUMBER—There is no new feature to present in the market. Supplies will shortly be coming forward by canal. A sale of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $16 per M feet.

MOLASSES—The market is firm, but the demand has been limited; small sales of Cuba at 22a23c, and New Orleans at 30c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Prices of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine is dull and lower. Sales at 65a70 cts, and 500 bbls, on terms kept private.

OILS—Prices are firm for all descriptions of Fish Oils and there is a steady demand for lots from store. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 69a71c per gallon. A sale of Winter Lard Oil at 95c, 4 mos.

PLASTER—Is scarce; we quote soft at $4a4,25 per ton.

TOBACCO—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured limited at our quotations.

WINES are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been a good demand, and prices are firmly maintained. Sales of 50,000 lbs at 38 to 60 c's per lb, cash and on time. The stock is now exceedingly small.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull; 3s 6d per bbl is demanded for Flour, but no engagements have been reported. Colliers are in good demand at $1,75a1,80 per ton to Boston; $1,35 to Rhode Island, and $1a1,10 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 800 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $15 to 40 for fresh, $8 to 14 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,00 to 4,00, the latter from $1 50 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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General News.

ENGLAND AND THE MADIAI

The following letter is published in the English papers:—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO SIR HENRY BULWER.

"Foreign Office, Jan. 18, 1853.

"SIR—According to the last accounts received from you, the Grand Duke of Tuscany still hesitates on the subject of the Madiai. But this is a matter on which hesitation implies capital punishment. It is the same thing in effect to condemn a man to die by fire like Savonarola; or to put him to death by the slow torture of an unhealthy prison. It seems to be imagined, indeed, by some Governments on the Continent, that if they avoid the spectacle of an execution on the scaffold, they will escape the odium to themselves, and the sympathy for their victims, which attends upon the punishment of death for offences of a political or religious character. But this is an error. It is now well understood that the wasting of the body, the sinking of the spirits, the weakening of the mind, are but additions to the capital punishment which long and close confinement too often involves. If, therefore, as has been lately reported, one of the Madiai were to die in prison, the Grand Duke must expect that throughout Europe he will be considered as having put a human being to death for being a Protestant.

"It will be said, no doubt, that the offence of Francesco Madiai was not that of being a Protestant, but that of endeavoring to seduce others from the Roman Catholic faith; that the Tuscan Government had the most merciful intentions, and meant to have shortened the period of imprisonment allotted by law to his offence; that such offences cannot be permitted to pass unpunished.

"All this, however, will avail very little. Throughout the civilized world this example of religious persecution will excite abhorrence. Nor will it be the least of the reproaches addressed to the Government of the Grand Duke that the name of Leopold of Tuscany has been thus desecrated, and the example of a benevolent Sovereign thus departed from. The peaceful, mild and ingenuous character of the Tuscan people makes this severity the less necessary and the more odious.

"As this is a matter affecting a Tuscan subject, it may be said that Her Majesty's Government have no right to interfere. If this means that interference by force of arms would not be justifiable, I confess at once that nothing but the most extreme case would justify interference. But if it be meant that Her Majesty has not the right to point to a friendly Sovereign the arguments which have prevailed in the most civilized nations against the use of the civil sword to punish religious opinions, I entirely deny the truth of such an allegation.

"You are, therefore, instructed to speak in the most serious tone to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to lay before him all the considerations stated in this despatch. You will do it in the most friendly tone, and take care to assure the Government to which you are accredited that none are more sincere in their wishes for the independence and happiness of Tuscany than the Queen of Great Britain.

"I am, &c., J. RUSSELL."

NEWS ITEMS.—The wild pigeons are beginning to flock the woods in the neighborhood of Trenton, N. J.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—This well-known author and actor, recently left the stage and became a Baptist clergyman.

GRASS IN CANALS.—The Report of the Canal Commissioners says, that water grass has been found a great obstruction in the navigation of the Ohio Canal.

IRON TURNPIKE.—A company is being organized at Cincinnati, Ohio, to pave the turnpike from the head of Western Avenue, at Brighton, to Cumminsville, Spring Grove and Carthage, with iron plates.

ANOTHER ROUTE OPENED.—The Rock Island and Chicago Railroad has been opened from Chicago to Peru. It is said this route will enable passengers from St. Louis to reach New York in three and a half days, instead of five days, as heretofore.

The farmers in Berks county, Pa., are said to be opposed to the erection of the new county of Madison, proposed at the late General Assembly of this State, because they had already far enough to go to Philadelphia market, *without going through another county*.

POTATOES.—This valuable esculent is depreciating, the Mount Holly Mirror says, somewhat in value, and those who held on to large quantities, expecting to obtain more than fifty cents a bushel for them, now find that they have made a great mistake. At numerous vendues recently, potatoes have sold for thirty, thirty-two and thirty-two cents by the quantity.

The West Jerseyman says that the New York speculators are in Burlington county, N. J., contracting for poultry of the "capon" breed, to be delivered in May, at twenty-five cents per pound. Anticipation of a throng in the city during the World's Fair, is the reason of this exorbitant price for poultry.

A RICH BEGGAR.—The Captain of the Second District Police, New York, has been applied to very frequently by a pitiable-looking object in the shape of a man, for "a night's lodging." The individual pretended to be a cripple, and very poor. The Captain suspecting him to be an impostor, had him examined, and $77 in gold was found upon his person, the proceeds, no doubt, of his trade.

A curious case of alleged kidnapping was under examination at Hamilton, Canada, at last accounts. A very young man, named Harvey Smith, was brought up charged with having induced two young colored men to sell themselves into slavery, by telling them that he would divide the proceeds of the sale equally among them, and insure their return to Canada by stealing them from their purchasers.

LIBERAL ENDOWMENT.—Miss Catharine E. Beecher has offered to endow the Professorship of a Female Seminary in Dubuque, with the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and also to furnish books and apparatus to the amount of five thousand dollars, provided the citizens of Dubuque will erect a building and guarantee a certain number of scholars. The proposition has been accepted, and a committee appointed to solicit donations.—*Cin. Atlas.*

MORTALITY AMONG MASONS.—Dr. Allison has said that there is hardly an instance of a mason regularly employed hewing stones in Edinburg living free from phthisical symptoms to the age of fifty. By way of prevention, it is recommended to work the stone damp, and ventilate the work sheds. Dr. Allison, too, recommends the Edinburg hewers to wear mustaches and beards, which are said to have been found in practice abroad to act as respirators.

John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, has written a letter, which has been published in the Irish papers, substantially saying that he does not thank the persons who have petitioned Queen Victoria for his pardon.

LEGAL INTEREST IN CANADA.—A bill has passed the Lower House to permit the lenders of money to charge what interest they please, with the understanding that they can only recover six per cent, by law.

THE HILLOTYPE.—The Senate Committee on Patents, to whom was referred the memorial of Levi L. Hill, in reference to his alleged discovery in Heliochrome, or sun-painting, as denominated by Mr. Hill, recently made a report, which fully recognizes his claim to originality and priority of invention.

LYNCH LAW ON THE ROYAL STOCK EXCHANGE.—The members of the London Stock Exchange, recently lynched a "reverend" defaulter, by rolling him in sawdust and pelting him with rotten eggs.

A new comet was discovered at Boston on the 8th. It was situated 5 deg. South of the star Rigel.

CANAL NAVIGATION.—The Albany Register understands that the New York State Canal will be open for navigation about the 15th of April. The Ohio Canal will be open for navigation sometime between March 24th and April 1st.

Col. Thomas Green, deceased, late of Chatham County, Georgia, by his will has left all his property to accumulate for fifteen years, when it is to be used to build a ship canal through his plantation on Hutchinson's Island, to connect the Savannah and Black Rivers.

Mr. Fuller, who was shot through the body by Captain Schaumburg, is said to be on the recovery, and Schaumburg will be admitted to bail to-day.

Telegraphic advices from New Orleans give the particulars of a great fire in that city. The loss is estimated at from $800,000 to $1,000,000. Among the property destroyed, 18,000 bales of cotton are mentioned.

The girl who shot her former lover in the ball-room at Oldtown, Maine, was arrested on the 3rd instant, on the complaint of Bowman, whom she had wounded. At the hour appointed for the examination the complainant failed to appear, and she was discharged. She openly proclaimed that it was her intention to kill Bowman, and it is said that the wound he received will lame him for life.

Mr. Sands, who was arrested and held to bail in the sum of $5,000 at Mobile, to answer the charge of embezzlement from the Post-Office, has been discharged, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, by Judge Gayle, on the ground that under the act of Congress, the principal Government officers only are liable in such charges, the subordinates not being recognized by the act.

By the late dates from Bermuda, we learn that the crop which now excites the most interest and attention, and from which the greatest results are anticipated, is the potato. The imports of that esculent from the United States, exclusively for planting, has reached not less than 6,000 barrels, or 16,000 bushels. The Bermuda potato crop of this year, from present appearance, bids fair to be twice as large as any hitherto raised.

U. S. STOCKS.—One of the Acts of Congress, passed at the recent session, provides that the outstanding Stocks of the United States may be purchased by the Secretary of the Treasury at the current market price, to be paid for from any surplus fund in the Treasury, provided that the balance in the Treasury shall not at any time be reduced below $6,000,000.

POLITICAL NEWS.

ANECDOTES.—The Washington correspondent of the Ledger, is responsible for the following:—Without entering on the squabble for office, which is a bootless task under all circumstances, I would merely mention a very good story of Gen. Pierce. A gentleman from Tennessee observed to him that he came from a district which had never held or solicited an office from the General Government. Then said Gen. Pierce, promptly, it is to be hoped that it will never break in on such a beautiful custom. This was rather a puzzler. A gentleman at one of the fashionable hotels having his pocket-book stolen from him, was disconsolate under the infliction in view of the fact that it contained nothing but recommendations for office, which it was impossible for him to procure again from a distance in time to be effective. Judge of his joy when the next day his pocket-book, with all his papers, was returned to him with an apology from the thief stating that he had taken it by mistake, believing it to contain valuables. The owner will probably discover *his* mistake a few weeks hence.

ANTI-LIQUOR BILLS.—Wisconsin will probably get no Maine Law this Winter. A majority report has been made against it in the Senate.

Indiana has a moderate Anti-Liquor Bill ordered to a third reading in the House by 53 yeas to 44 nays.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN WISCONSIN.—A bill abolishing the death penalty was ordered to be engrossed in the Assembly, on the 4th instant, by a vote of 46 to 27.

BANK CHARTERS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that Charters to Banks (and of course to all other private companies,) *are not contracts* and may be repealed like any other law, at the pleasure of the Legislature.

THE WHEELING BRIDGE.—We understand that, on the 14th instant, a motion was filed in the Supreme Court of the United States, by the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and the Counsel of the State, asking for an order to the Marshal to execute the decree of the Court, and also for an attachment against the officers, managers and stockholders, for not complying with the decree of the Court. The argument of this motion will bring up the question as to the effect of the Act of Congress declaring the bridge a post road. The day for argument has not yet been assigned by the Court.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

CALIFORNIA.—The revision of the California Constitution recommended by Governor John Bigler, in his late message, was referred to a Select Committee, from which three separate reports have been made. The first insists that it is not a revision of the Constitution but an equalization of taxes that is needed. The second opposes both a revision of the Constitution and a division of the State as likely to prove injurious. The third report favors both revision and division.

COL. BENTON AND THE PRESIDENT.—The New York Times has the following version of the interview between these gentlemen:

An amusing story is told of a recent interview between Colonel Benton and President Pierce. The Colonel expressed himself heartily gratified at the result of the election, and very desirous to support the new Administration; but he told the President that he had *one* man in his Cabinet who would make him ridiculous—a "perfect nondescript, sir," said he, "a perfect nondescript—neither one thing nor the other." The General inquired what gentleman of his Cabinet had been so unfortunate as thus to incur his displeasure. The Colonel named Mr. Cushing, and launched out into a repetition of his epithets, which I have given, not exactly in his words, but as nearly so as would be strictly proper; closing by saying, that he was the *only* man on earth who seemed to have been created for the express purpose of being a Tyler man.

The President heard his formidable objurgations to the end, and quietly remarked to the Colonel, that he had been delighted, on reaching Washington, to find so many gentlemen, who were quite indifferent as to his election, exceedingly solicitous concerning the welfare of his Administration.

Whether the story is quite authentic or not, I cannot say; but it comes from a Democratic source. True or not, it is certainly *good*.

ORDER OF MAKING APPOINTMENTS.—The general principles upon which appointments are to be made have been definitely settled. From the commencement of the Administration vacancies are to be first filled, and heads of departments appointed; next subordinate offices are to be filled gradually, and not so as to be detrimental to the public business and all to be on the ground of public merit. The Senate have determined to support the President by confirming every appointment.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Convention for revising the Constitution will be largely Anti-Whig. 155 towns foot up Whigs 95; Opposition 148; no choice 13.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The New Hampshire State election resulted in the re-election of Governor Martin, (Dem.,) by from 4,000 to 5,000 majority. Three Democratic Congressmen are also elected, defeating Amos Tuck in the First District. There will be a large Democratic majority in the House, and the Senate will probably be unanimously Democratic.

APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Buchanan, the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says, will be nominated as Minister to England; Gen. Dix, of N. York, as Minister to France; Guyarre, of La., as Minister to Spain.

LAW IN OHIO, TO DISTRAIN ON BANKS.—The Ohio Legislature have passed a bill to amend the tax law, authorizing the County Auditors, in cases where Banks refuse to pay taxes levied on them, to enter said banks forcibly, and with crowbars, pickaxes, &c., break open the safes, vaults or other places where the money may be, and take the amount of tax claimed. The vote on the final passage was 20 yeas and 5 nays.

HEALTH OF MR. KING.—The oath of office was not administered to Vice President King, on the 4th instant. Mr. Rodney, the Vice Consul, visited Mr. King on the 3d, for the purpose of administering the oath on the following day, but Mr. King said he considered the ceremony unnecessary, fearing that he should never reach Washington to assume the duties of the office. If he should, however, he said the oath could be administered to him there. His friends who are with him encourage a hope that the salubrity of his present location may yet restore him to health.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE LEASE.—An assault case came before the Birmingham magistrates last week, which, like the majority of matrimonial squabbles, would have been simply interesting in the eyes of those immediately concerned, but for a legal curiosity which was brought to light in the course of the hearing. A young fellow, named William Charles Capas, was charged with assaulting his wife. In giving her evidence, Mrs. Capas mentioned that her husband was not living with her, but was "leased" to a young woman named Hickson. This being a species of contract unknown to the magistrates, further inquiry into the matter was made, when it was elicited that a regular legal document had been drawn up by which Capas and Hickson bound, or, as they termed it, "leased" themselves to each other for the term of their natural lives. The "lease" was produced in court and read. The girl Hickson was present at the time of the alleged assault. On being asked about the "lease," she admitted that she had signed it, and stated that it was drawn up by Mr. Campbell, the lawyer, who told her at the time she signed it that if Capas's wife gave her any annoyance he would put in that paper as evidence. She moreover said that the paper was signed at his office, and that she believed Mr. Campbell charged £1 15s. for drawing it up. The magistrates fined Capas 2s. 6d. for the assault, and commented in very strong terms on the document which had that day been before them.—*European Times.*

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The following are the amendments in relation to this important measure, which passed both Houses of Congress:—

Sec. 15. And be it further enacted, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby authorized, under the direction of the President of the United States, to employ such portion of the corps of topographical engineers, and such other persons, as he may deem necessary, to make such explorations and surveys as he may deem advisable to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean; and that the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expense of such explorations and surveys.

Sec. 16. And be it further enacted, That the engineers and other persons employed in said explorations and surveys shall be organized in as many distinct corps as there are routes to be surveyed, and their several reports shall be laid before Congress on or before the first Monday in February, eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

OLD AND NEW COIN.—The following are the respective weights of the old silver coins, and those authorized by the new law.

Silver.	*Act of Jan. 1847.*	*Act of F'b. 1853.*
Dollar	412½ grains	No change.
Half-Dollar	206¼ "	192 grains
Quarter-Dollar	103⅛ "	96 "
Dime	41¼ "	38.40 "
Half-Dime	20⅝ "	19.20 "

By the former act the silver coins "shall be legal tenders of payment, according to their nominal value, for *all sums whatever.*" By the new act the new silver coins shall be legal tenders in payment of debts *for all sums not exceeding five dollars.*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A singular crime has just come to light in the little principality of Lippe Schaumburg. A country gentleman of large property in that principality died, leaving one daughter and two sons. The daughter, who was heiress to the great part of the property, soon after disappeared, no one knew whither, and consequently the two brothers became sole heirs of the estate. Now, after the lapse of some 15 or 20 years, accident has brought to light the fact that the daughter still lives, and has been kept imprisoned by her two inhuman brothers during all this time in a cellar. The matter has already come into the courts, and the monsters will get their deserts.

MOB BY WOMEN.—The Cleveland Herald says that on the 1st instant, some thirty women, well backed by gentlemen, proceeded to the grocery of Anthony Jacobs, in Ashland, and asked him to discontinue the sale of liquor and the use of a bagatelle board, which had enticed many of the youth and some of the married men from their homes. He refused, and the ladies chopped his bagatelle table into kindling-wood, and emptied his liquors into the street.

A FIGHTING JUSTICE.—The Mexican General Avalos recently addressed Justice McLane, of Brownsville, Texas, threatening to bombard the town if certain practices on this side were not suspended. The following is the Judge's reply:

DEAR GENERAL—We have received your appreciated note of this date.

Let her rip!

"AFRICA.—We find, by a series of levellings recently carried across the Isthmus of Suez, that instead of there being a difference of thirty feet between the level of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, as has so long been believed, there is in reality little or none—an interesting fact, which will be still further verified during the progress of the railway-works to be set on foot in that locality under the superintendence of Mr. R. Stephenson. How the past and present will be brought together by having light thrown on ancient geography by modern enterprise! Besides this, an attempt is being made to solve another important problem in the Valley of the Nile. Lepsius has stated in his great work on Egypt, that this river formerly flowed at a much higher level than now, having in the course of ages worn away its bed to a depth of twenty-seven feet; and this statement being disputed, a deep pit or well is to be sunk at Heliopolis, with a view to examine the strata and deposits through which it flows, and thereby determine if any and what change has taken place. The work for this purpose is under the direction of Mr. Leonard Horner, who defrays the cost with a portion of the annual grant placed by government at the disposal of the Royal Society; which has lately received a consignment of cases filled with specimens of the earth taken from the excavation. Meanwhile it appears that, like Sweden, the Arabian Gulf region and Abyssinia are undergoing slow and gradual upheaval. In addition to these researches, active explorations are going on in the North, East, West, and South of Africa, and more than one treaty of commerce has been signed between England and the petty monarchs of the interior. The Rev. Mr. Livingston announces the existence of another large lake, 200 miles North-West of that now known as Lake Ngami; the great Lake Tchad is now being navigated by European boats; and efforts are being made to reach those mysterious mountains in which the Nile is supposed to rise, for, as Capt. Smyth observes, "no European traveller, from Bruce downwards, has yet seen its true source."—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE NEW THREE-CENT COIN.—The publication of the recent Acts of Congress has just brought to light an interesting provision respecting the coinage of the three-cent pieces. This coin, hitherto of the weight of 12⅜ grains, and only three-fourths fine, will, from the first day of April next, weigh 11 52-100 grains, and be nine-tenths fine, the same standard as the larger silver coins. The effect of this alteration will be to give us a good, clean, ductile silver piece, that will wear well, instead of a hard, brittle alloy that is liable to turn green; and it will reduce the Government profit on that coinage by 11⅝ per cent., the new pieces being worth intrinsically that much more, though of course they will circulate evenly together.

NEW STEAMBOAT LAW.—The first decision under the new Steamboat Law, has been made at Cincinnati, in the case of the collision between the steamers Falls City and the Pittsburg. The regulations requiring the "ringing of the bells and blowing the whistle at intervals of two minutes, when running in a fog," were not complied with. The pilots of both boats have been suspended for ten days. The Inspectors state that the penalty in this case is made light from the fact that the rules are new, and as yet imperfectly understood, but that in all future cases they shall exact the most rigorous penalties of the law.

ERYSIPELAS—CRANBERRIES.—The New Haven Palladium records another case of the complete cure of this disease, by the simple application of raw cranberries, pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become so much swollen and inflamed, that the eye had become closed, and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes, the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of the disease had disappeared. The case occurred in the family of one of the editors of the Palladium.

PROGRESS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—In one of the Honolulu papers appears the following "card:" "Madame Marie Callegoir, from Paris, most respectfully begs to acquaint the inhabitants of Honolulu, that she has commenced instructing young ladies in the French, English and Italian languages, together with the ordinary branches of a sound English education, comprising geography, history and the use of the globes. Mad. M. C. will also give instructions in the beautiful arts of knitting, crochet and fancy needle-work, as necessary acquirements in young ladies' accomplishments."

"DOING WELL AT THE DIGGINGS."—At the weekly meeting of the Marylebone Board of Guardians, on Friday, Mr. Messer read a letter from Catherine Enright, one of twenty-five workhouse girls sent to Australia in 1849 by the parish, which, after praising their happy change, and thanking the guardians for it, thus concluded: "I need only add that all the girls who came out with me are married—[a laugh]—and most of them got children. [Continued laughter.] I have got a little boy. [Great laughter.] We are all doing well."

REDUCTION OF FREIGHT.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have reduced the rate of freight on bacon, beef, pork, whiskey, lard and lard oil, to 50 cents per 100 lbs., from Pittsburg to Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Local News.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

TWO SISTERS BUTCHERED—HOUSE ROBBED AND FIRED.

We are called upon to record the particulars of one of the most horrible tragedies ever enacted in Philadelphia. The scene was the western part of the district of Southwark, near the Moyamensing line. The startling and terrible occurrence has produced the most intense excitement. The dreadful affair is enveloped in much mystery. The facts, as far as they have been ascertained, are as follows:

On the south side of Federal street, above Seventh, in a row of brick buildings, is a three storied house, No. 260. This house was rented by John W. Carroll, a book agent for the Baptist persuasion, according to one account; or a colporteur of the American and Foreign Christian Union, according to another. He occupied, with his wife, the lower and third stories, and the second was in the occupancy of two women, Mrs. Ellen Lynch, aged about 35, and Mrs. Honora Shaw, aged about 40 years, sisters.

Mrs. Lynch has three children in Ireland. She was confined with twins—a boy and a girl—on the 22d of February last. Her husband, Bartholomew M. Lynch, who served in the Mexican War, in Col. Burnett's New York Regiment, and had subsequently been in the U. S. Marine service, was absent in New York.

The maiden name of Mrs. Shaw was Donavan. She married, first, a man named John W. Lovett, and afterwards wedded a man by the name of Samuel Shaw, who has been away for ten months; one account saying that he went to California, and another story being that he is now in Carlisle, Pa. Mrs. S. had no children with her.

A man named William Carroll, a brother of John W. Carroll, boarded in the house of the latter. The people were all Irish. John W. Carroll taught a Sabbath School in his front lower story apartment, which was used as a parlor, or sitting room. The back room on the same floor was appropriated to a kitchen and dining room. William Carroll lodged in the third story back room.

There were a number of male and female visitors to the house, and, for some time past, the place, in consequence of nightly irregularities, and disturbances at which rum was at the bottom, (for the inmates were patrons of a distillery in the neighborhood,) had attracted the notice of the Police, and become a source of annoyance to the neighbors. Within the last week, there had been considerable drinking, carousing, quarreling, threatening and fighting going on.

Recently Lynch was discharged at our Navy Yard, and, on Monday week, was paid off. A Mrs. Welsh, who nursed Mrs. Lynch in her confinement, and left her on Wednesday week, states that Lynch had eight twenty dollar gold pieces, one of which he got changed at a neighboring grocery store, on Tuesday, for the expenses of his trip to New York, for which city he started on Wednesday morning. The other seven he left with his wife, and they were in a trunk in her chamber.

An Irishman, named Arthur Spring, a widower, had lately made the acquaintance of Lynch, and was in the habit of coming to the house to see Mrs. Shaw. He knew that Lynch had the gold and had followed him up daily and nightly. It was known that he was a Sing-Sing convict, and Lynch was suspicious of him, and tried to shake him off. When he went to New York, he cautioned his wife against Spring.

On Tuesday night, Spring was at the house, and Mrs. Lynch ordered him out of her room. John W. Carroll, who thought him a bad character, especially as he had found him out in trying to steal his watch, also ordered him to quit the premises. Spring was violent and they fought. He gave Spring a black eye, and cut his lip and made it bleed. Spring likewise drew blood from him by a blow.

On Wednesday afternoon, Spring was at the house again, and carried away John W. Carroll's hat, leaving his own behind. He never came to the house afterwards, so far as is known.

On Thursday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, John W. Carroll and his wife went to an Irish dancing party, at the Star Hotel, in Bread Street. The ball, of which Carroll was a manager, and which was given for the benefit of a widow's son, and was kept up nearly all night. The festivities were too much for Carroll, who appears to have indulged so freely in drink, that he was unable to get home.

Mrs. Carroll, who had also been drinking, came home about half-past seven o'clock in the morning. When she reached the house, she found John Devine, the milkman who supplied the families in that vicinity, at the door. He told her that he had knocked several times without receiving any answer and was making a second visit after serving his route.

The front door was opened by Mrs. Carroll with a dead latch, and she went in, leaving Mr. Devine in the entry. Upon unfastening one of the front windows, she discovered Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch both lying on the floor of the parlor, dead. They had been frightfully butchered, and around their corpses were pools of blood.

The alarm was instantly given, and the neighbors rushed in to witness the ghastly and alarming spectacle. Alderman Allen, ex Alderman McCalley, constable Fields and deputy constable Quin, were quickly at the scene, and Mrs. Carroll was at once taken into custody. The twin infants were found safe in their murdered mother's bed, though almost completely exhausted from crying. Alderman Allen had them immediately conveyed to his residence, and they were humanely cared for. The neighborhood was seized with horror, and the deepest sensation was created, which prevailed for the remainder of the day.

John W. Carroll was arrested at the Bread street tavern, where the dance was. He was so much intoxicated, that he had to be brought to the Station House in a vehicle. The police likewise arrested William Carroll at a house in the neighborhood of Front and Callowhill Streets. He had left home the evening previous—so it was supposed—for the ball, either before or after his brother John and wife started. Whether this was the case or not, could not be ascertained with certainty, there being different stories and surmises as to where he had been during the night.

A young man named William Ryan, a shoemaker, and a nephew of the two murdered women, visited them on Thursday evening, in company with his sweetheart, a girl named Ellen Flynn, living at service in the neighborhood of Eighth and Locust streets. They left there about nine o'clock, and when they went away the only persons that were in the house, to their knowledge, were Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch, with the babes; though Ryan remembers, as he was going out of the door, hearing some one whom he took to be William Carroll, on the stairs. He was not sure of this, and when he remarked that he thought William had gone to the ball, he thinks Mrs. Shaw said he must be mistaken about any one being on the stairs. Ryan and the young woman Flynn were both arrested.

The trunk of Mrs. Lynch was found rifled of the money. A land warrant, which Lynch had received for military services, remained untouched. The key of the trunk was discovered in the pocket of Mrs. Lynch's dress, which was lying on the floor by the bed. The dress had been trodden on, as the ring of a purse containing small change which was in the pocket, was bent and broken. The hasp of the trunk had been forced off.

From the appearance of things—the positions of the bodies, the condition of the women as to apparel, and the nature and character of the wounds, it was probable that Mrs. Shaw who was dressed, and had not yet gone to bed, was attacked by the murderer in the back lower room. She made her way through the folding door, one of the folds of which was open, into the front room, where the assassin completed his foul work.

The screams of Mrs. Shaw arousing Mrs. Lynch, who was in bed, she ran down stairs in her night clothes, and on entering the parlor by the hall door, the murderer encountered her and began a fierce and fiendish assault upon her. She must have grappled with the demon and struggled desperately to wrest the weapons of death, which were a dirk-knife and a bludgeon of leaden pipe, from his hands, to stay their fatal force. Her fingers bear ample evidence of her heroic defence of her life.

The murderer, after finishing the bloody deed, went up stairs with a lighted candle, and forced the trunk with the gory knife, a bit of the blade of which, close to the point, was picked up on the carpet of the bed-room. The leather sheath of the instrument was likewise discovered on the floor of the parlor, under the right arm of Mrs. Lynch. After the perpetration of the robbery, the fiend set fire to the kitchen by scooping coals out of the cooking-stove. After burning a large hole through the floor, the coals dropped into the cellar and the fire went out.

When or how the murderer got into the house, or in what way he left is unknown. No one noticed whether the bolt of the back door was shot, when the neighbors came in, on learning of the murder. The house could have been burglariously entered by a robber from the rear with the greatest ease. Two windows, opening on a shed in the yard, were unsecured. One of them had neither shutters, nor any other fastenings.

The police arrested Spring, who is strongly suspected, at a public house, kept at the corner of Schuylkill Front and Market Streets, by a man we'll known about town, by the name of Patrick McGuire. The coat and pants of the prisoner had blood on them. There was blood, too, on his two shirts all the wardrobe belonging to him which was discovered, except what he had on his back. He had taken off one of these shirts yesterday morning. No other testimony was developed to implicate him directly. He accounts for the blood by saying that it came from the cut on his lip, inflicted by John W. Carroll in their fight on Tuesday evening.

Spring, not long since, worked at a confectionary establishment in Market Street, near 13th. He left there about a month ago. Since then he had done nothing. He boarded and lodged at McGuire's, and a number of the inmates of that house express themselves as having been afraid of him. He was out on the night of the murder. His son, a youth, was also taken into custody, and detained.

A coat belonging to John W. Carroll, which had a good deal of blood on it, was found lying against the body of Mrs. Shaw. He says he pulled this garment off, and threw it down on a settee, when he dressed himself to go to the ball.

The bed of William Carroll was not made up, and the clothes were tumbled. One of the legs of a pair of his pantaloons was slit up from the bottom, the rent being recent, and his umbrella still damp, was standing in his room.

The Coroner empannelled a jury at 10 o'clock, A. M., and the inquest held two sessions in hearing the testimony. Much light was thrown upon the case.

The *post mortem* examination of the bodies was made by Drs. Levis and Organ. The gold ring of Mrs. Shaw was on her finger. There were seventeen distinct wounds in all, besides scratches and abrasions.

The gold finger-ring of Mrs. Lynch was discovered clinging by a clot of blood to the pubis. The whole of the regular wounds on Mrs. Lynch, independent of bruises, abrasions, and scratches, amounted to the extraordinary number of forty-seven.

The murder was committed about a quarter to ten o'clock. It was before watch hours in Southwark. The screams and cries of the women, when being killed, were heard by the neighbors, but they had been so much accustomed to hearing drunken rows in the house, that they thought nothing of it notwithstanding the noises were louder and longer continued than usual. The cries of the motherless babes were heard all night, not only by the neighbors, but by the watchmen after they went on their beats.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 171—Adults 68 and children 103.

SALE OF DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE.

☞ Among the hundreds of letters, certificates and orders received by the proprietors of this medicine, the following are selected to show its character, and the effect of its use in a distant part of the West:

ROYALTON, Boone Co., Ia., May 10, 1850.

MESSRS. J. KIDD & CO.—*Gentlemen*—I write to you to solicit an agency for the invaluable Vermifuge you prepare. Sometime since, I purchased one dozen vials of Mr. C. Edy, and prescribed it in my practice; and it proved so effectual in the *expulsion of worms*, that *no other preparation will satisfy the citizens of this village and vicinity*. Please send me one gross of the Vermifuge immediately.

Yours, &c., SAMUEL ROSS.

NEW PROVIDENCE, Tenn., July 1, 1851.

MESSRS. J. KIDD & CO.—Please send the Vermifuge for us as soon as possible, as we are nearly out, and *the demand for it is very great*. *We believe it to be the best Vermifuge ever invented.*

PORTER & DYCUS.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	*Asked*		*Bid.*	*Asked*
U S 6's '56	107¼	—	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	115	Kensington	68¼	70
" '67	120	120½	P Township	34	35
" '68	120	120¼	Girard	14½	14¼
" 5s '53	100¼	—	Western	68	—
" '65	101½	—	Man&Mechs	32¼	33
July Interest off			Bk of Com	69	—
Phil'ada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	55¼	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	68	—
" 6s Gas	105	106	Trent Bk Co	36¼	—
County 5s	94½	95	Pitts'bg Bk	57	—
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	57	—
" 5s	97½	98	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95½	Louis, Ky	110	111
Illinois 6s	81¼	—	Kentucky Bk	114¼	115
Cincinnati 6s	100¼	—	Northern	114	114¼
TexasTNotes	35	40	Union, Tenn	97	100
" bds 8s	65	70	Planters, Tenn	94	100
Schuyl N 6s	82½	83	Vicksburg	16¼	17¼
" 1st	53¼	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	97½	100	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" 1st Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	31½	31¾
" Mort 6s	100¼	101	Lehigh Nav	82¼	83
C & D C'l 6s	99¼	100	C & Del Cal	149	149½
C & Am R bds	101	102	Morris Cl	20½	20¾
BeaMdw R 6s	90	91	Penn&Ohio Cl	23	—
Susque Cl 6s	68¼	69	Union Cl	16¼	17
Norrist'n R 6s	99¼	100¼	Cam&Am R	149	150
Harris R 6s	99¼	100¼	Penna R	50	50¼
Wil R 6s	97	98	Bea Mdw R	35¼	36
Read R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
" Mort 6s	94¼	95¼	North Am Cl	16¼	17
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Susqueh Cl	16	16¼
U S Bk Shares	3½	4	Norristown R	56	57
N Amer Bk	155	—	Harrisburg R	55	56
Penna Bk	123	124	Wilmington R	37	34
Philadelphia	146	147	Reading R	44¼	44½
Far & Mec	74½	75	Minehill R	75	75¼
Commercial	68¼	—	N Liberty Gas	22	25
N Liberty	55¼	—	N W Min Co	—	25
Mechanics	32½	33			

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

is now the universally and generally used Medicine, for the cure of Consumption and concomitant pulmonic complaints. For coughs, colds, spitting of blood, pain in the side, oppression or shortness of breath, tickling in the throat, inflammation of the tonsils, or croup, it can be employed with the most beneficial results. No medicine can approach it in popularity, and no preparation is more entitled to public confidence.

Remember! no *Wild Cherry* preparation is genuine except that prepared by *Dr. Swayne.*

Laboratory for the manufacture and sale of all Dr. SWAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES, No. 4 North SEVENTH Street, above Market, Philada. 1t

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WM. C. MORGAN & Co., BROKERS,
No. 17 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks Co.,	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	½ dis
Susquehanna Co.	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh Co. B'k	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief Notes	½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State B'k at Morris	failed
State B'k N Bruns	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris Co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
Perth Amboy	failed
Peoples, Paterson	failed
Farmers and Mech. B'k, N Brun	½ dis
N Hope Del Bridge	failed
Yard Del Br'ge Co	10 dis
All New Jersey secured by Stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bank	½ dis
Salisbury	failed
Cecil Bank	½ dis
Frederick Co.	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington Co.	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre de Grace	failed
Far & Millers B'k	no sale
DIS OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City Banks	par a ½ dis
Solv. country bks	½ dis
James Bank	20 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes,	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
GEORGIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Bank St. Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1 dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	60 dis
Bk Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
INDIANA	
State Bk	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bk of Illinois	60 dis
State Bk	70 dis
Bk of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Gov't Stock	1 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
All banks	uncertain

CAUTION.—There are issues of $1, $2, $3 bills of various Banks, dated Washington, D. C., which resemble New York City and State issues, in circulation, which the public ought to refuse, as several have failed and are entirely worthless.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 12.

ASHES—A moderate demand, with sales of 40 bbls at $4,75a4,81¼ for Pots, and $5,75 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market is dull and declining, and the sales to-day only reach 700 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—The market for common State Flour is pretty firm with a moderate export demand. At the close there were no parcels of State in order to be had at the inside price. The sales aggregate 6,100 bbls at $4 75a4,87½ for common to straight State, and $4,94a5,18¾ for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana, and common to good Ohio. Canadian Flour is dull and nominally the same. The market for Southern Flour is a shade firmer with a moderate demand. Sales of 900 bbls at $5 06¼a5,31¼ for mixed to choice brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are nominally the same.

GRAIN—The Wheat market still continues dull and nominal. White Ohio can be bought at $1,17, and Genesee at $1,20. Rye is a shade easier, with sales of 4,000 bushels at 90c, and 2,500 to arrive at 88c. Barley continues dull at previous quotations. In the Corn market there is a moderate business doing, and the market is steady; sales of 32,000 bushels at 60a61c for New Orleans, 61a63c for mixed, and 64a66c for white and yellow Southern. Oats are selling at 48a50c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is dull, and prices are without material change. Sales of 330 bbls at $16 for Mess, and $14,62½a14,75 for prime. Beef steady, sales of 250 bbls at $9,50a11; for country Mess, $13 for repacked. Chicago Beef Hams are dull; sales of 80 bbls at $14,25. Pickled Meats in fair request, with sales of 180 tcs. Hams at 10a10½. Lard heavy, sales of 370 bbls at 9a9½. Butter and Cheese quiet.

WHISKEY—The market is rather quiet. Sales of 250 bbls at 22a22½ for Jersey, and 23c for prime, and 75 drudge at 22c, time.

CHANGES OF WEATHER AND CATCHING COLD.—It should be remembered that a cough is an evidence that some impurity is lodged in the lungs.

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ALMANAC.

March, 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
19 Saturday,	6 1	5 59	9 28	
20 Sunday,	6 0	6 0	10 21	
21 Monday,	5 59	6 1	11 14	D. H. M.
22 Tuesday,	5 57	6 3	12 7	Last 2 8 25
23 Wedn'day,	5 56	6 4	12 50	New 9 3 8
24 Thursday,	5 54	6 6	1 33	First 17 6 24
25 Friday,	5 53	6 7	2 15	Full 25 1 4
26 Saturday,	5 52	6 8	3 6	Last 31 4 37

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March	6	37	38	40
	7	36	42	48
	8	44	52	53
	9	46	54	58
	10	37	43	46
	11	35	38	43
	12	41	43	45

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday afternoon, the 10th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Charles Gilpin, Esq., Mayor, JOHN BISHOP, to Miss ELIZA COLES, both of Pilesgrove, Salem county, N. J.

On Thursday afternoon, 10th instant, by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, STACEY COLES, Esq. to Miss LYDIA L. DUELL, both of Pilesgrove, Salem county, N. J.

On the 3d inst. in Springfield, Vt. by the Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. HORACE H. MERRILL, of Rockton, Ill. to Miss CATHARINE N. FIELD, of Charlestown, N. H.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. ROBERT MCREYNOLDS, to Miss ANN J. FENNELL, all of this city.

In Kensington, on the 27th Jan. by the Rev. F. Swentzel, M. D., Mr. JOHN CLOUDS, son of John Clouds, Ald. to Miss ANNA HELMS, both of Kensington.

On the 8th instant, by J. Dowling, Mr. WILLIAM SPOHN, to Miss CATHARINE HOCKLEY, both of Pottsville.

In this city, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mark R. Watkinson, Mr. JOSEPH SAMPSON, of Ridley, Delaware county, Pa. to Mrs. MARY STUART, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th Jan. last, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSTON, to Miss JANE MCNEILL, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM S. HANNAH to Miss JESSIE SHANKS, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, WILLIAM H. JONES, Esq. of Norristown, Pa. to Miss SARAH K. ROBERTS, of this city.

On the 22d ult. by Ald. Brazier, Mr. EDWARD T. CARCELL, of Baltimore, to Miss ADA A. DOUGHERTY, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM T. WILKINS, to Miss WILHELMINA GORDON, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. THOMAS J. CARNAN, of this city, to MARY L. HADLEY, of Southwark.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. R. Gerry, Mr. WILLIAM W. GILAYSON, to Miss MARY A. SCOTT, all of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 5th inst. by Ald. John Apple, Mr. CHARLES CLAWGES, to Miss MAGDALENA SOWERS, both of S. Garden, county of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, Feb. 17th, 1853, JOSEPH B. infant son of R. M. and Elizabeth S. Ashley, aged 14 mos.

On the 8th inst. MARY ELLA, daughter of John and Mary Omensetter, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 9th instant, FRANCIS JOHNSON, aged 72 years.

On the 8th inst. SARAH JANE, daughter of George and Mary Little, aged 18 years.

On the 8th inst. Miss ELIZABETH PEESENPINE.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE MILLER, aged 55 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. JOSIAH S. CARTY, aged 76.

On the 9th inst. GEORGE, son of John and Catharine Turner, aged 3 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. ROBERT SHARP, Sr. aged 64.

On the 9th inst. JAMES AMBROSE, son of Jas. and Elizabeth Devine, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 7th inst. JANE ELIZA, daughter of Wm and Eliza J. King, aged 13 months.

On the 9th inst. PATRICK FLYNN, aged 5 years.

On the 9th inst. LAVENIA C. BROWN, daughter of Jas. and Margaret Wharton, aged 2 years and 2 mos.

On the 9th inst. Miss ROSE MCQUILLIN, aged 25.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. SARAH DAVISON, wife of Mr. Henry R. Trough, aged 27 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. EDWARD P. DILLON, aged 28.

On the 8th inst. KATE, daughter of John H. and Caroline Kinsley, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 8th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Saml Walker, aged 30 years.

On the 8th inst. Mr. NICHOLAS LANSINGER, aged 73 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. THOMAS HOLLOWAY, aged 63.

On the 8th inst. WILLIAM GREGORY, Sr. aged 55.

On the 8th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Richard and Eliza Widley, aged 7 years.

On the 8th inst. ALICK MOONEY, aged 38 years.

On the 8th inst. CATHARINE, daughter of Philip and Mary Dougherty, aged 22 years.

On the 7th inst. MARY, widow of the late David Rambo, aged 62 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. SARAH KEYS, aged 77 years.

On the 6th inst. MARY ELLA, daughter of F. A. and Mary H. Mytinger, aged 6 years and 6 months.

On the 6th inst. ELIZA, daughter of John and Hester Hoff, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 5th inst. JOHN WEADON, son of Daniel H. and Mary Houzelot, and 5 years and 6 months.

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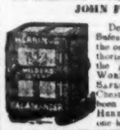

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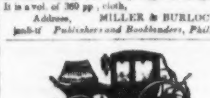

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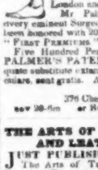

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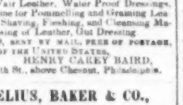

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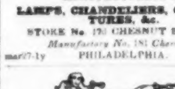

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CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
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Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the U. States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal safe, certain and pleasant.

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Judge of the District Court in Perry County, Pa.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Nov. 16th, 1850.

Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

DEAR SIR.—Your "Hoofland's German Bitters has been in use in our place over a year past, and to the astonishment of many has performed wonders. We may notice a few instances that have come under our own immediate notice, almost every person who has stopped at the hotel of Wm. Lackey one year since predicted from his emaciated countenance and debility, that he could not live much longer. He was unable to attend to his business, and for the greater part of his time confined to his room. We recommended him to try the German Bitters, which he did, and to the surprise of all his friends and acquaintances he is now able to attend to his usual business and perform manual labor. The case of Henry Asper, a stone mason, whom no one supposed would ever recover from the debility of his system, but was looked upon as fast approaching the grave, took eight or nine bottles of these Bitters during the last winter, and this summer he has been (to the surprise of all who knew his case) following his trade. The case of William Murphy is no less astonishing. He, too, was so far reduced as to induce a general belief that the grave alone would be his only remedy. Mr. Lackey recommended him to try the Hoofland German Bitters, he is now apparently a well man and able to do a hard day's work. We could mention many other cases of a similar character if it were necessary. I, myself, derived much, very much benefit from their use. I have given considerable of it away, not for your benefit alone, but to relieve suffering humanity, and let me assure you I am pleased to see the happy result. To the afflicted we say try them fairly and I will warrant relief." Yours truly, GEO. STROOP.

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Mayor of the city of Camden, said,

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TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE, AND SORENESS OF THE BODY, take the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it morning, noon, and evening, according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

From two eminent Physicians in

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TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

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WHOOPING COUGH may be broken up and soon cured by the use of CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE INFLUENZA is speedily removed by this remedy. Numerous instances have been noticed where whole families were protected from any serious consequences, while their neighbors, without the CHERRY PECTORAL, were suffering from the disease.

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Yours respectfully, J. D. SINCLAIR,
Deputy Postmaster.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

I have found the CHERRY PECTORAL, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.

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Cures of severe diseases upon the Lungs have been effected by CHERRY PECTORAL in such extreme cases as warrant the belief that a remedy has at length been found that can be depended on to cure the Coughs, Colds and Consumption which carry from our midst thousands every year. It is indeed a medicine to which the afflicted can look with confidence for relief, and they should not fail to avail themselves of it.

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FOR THE CURE OF
FITS, SPASMS, CRAMPS, AND ALL NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES!

Persons who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY,
OR
FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever, in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down, and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness; their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious mono-mania, heats and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence might terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishing short period of time, and they will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restless, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits are restored by the use of a box or two, to BLOOM and vigor, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz.—Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders them the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authenticately received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned in which persons had inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES.—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5.

☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed, post-paid, to
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☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office.
feb26-1y

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS ARE AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, AND ASTHMAS.—There are daily so many undeniable proofs of the efficacy of Holloway's Pills in the cure of diseases of the Chest, arising either from old coughs, recent colds, wheezings or shortness of breath, that all persons, whether young or old, suffering from such complaints, should have immediate recourse to these invaluable Pills, as a fair trial will show their extraordinary powers. Many persons who were scarcely able to draw their breath, and apparently almost at death's door, have been completely cured by this remedy, to the astonishment of those who have witnessed their sufferings.

Sold by all the vendors of medicine throughout the British Empire and United States, in pots and boxes, at 37½ cts., 87½ cts., and $1.50 each; wholesale by C. D. KNIGHT, 7 South Sixth St., Philadelphia; and by the proprietor, 244 Strand, London. aug21-1y

Selected Poetry.

THE TABLE MOVEMENT.

Farewell to Waltz and Polka;
They are grown far too delightful;
Mothers find them really frightful,
Brothers blush and husbands frown;
Up rises dull propriety,
Twin sister of satiety
To send the Waltz to Coventry, and put the Polka down.
Grim Decency advances,
Its ban is on the dances—
Farewell to Waltz and Polka—their loss we will not rue,
For Satan will find something still
For idle hands to do.

I saw his finger in it,
When, minute after minute,
I sat in social circle,
Round a table made of pine;
Each neighbor's hand reposing
On its passive neighbor closing,
My hand upon a lady's, and a lady's hand on mine:
That galvanic or Satanic force, which no one understands,
That enables
Wooden tables
To be lifted—without hands.

There's a kind of soft sea jelly,
I remember, in September,
Which the tides of ocean turning
Leave to welter on the strand;
And cold and white and quivering,
It lies in sunshine shivering,
And as the beach grows burning, it dissolves upon the sand.

In that circle cabalistic,
As we sat in silence mystic,
I thought of those sea jellies—for soft hands that coldly lay,
Began to thrill, and warming still,
Bid fair to melt away.

As for my own sensations—
What wild and swift vibrations:
Now down to the ridiculous,
Now up to the sublime—
What an endless life of yearning did I live in silence learning
How a second
Should be reckoned,
When the heart is measuring time
What shuddering and creeping,
Till my arms grew numb and sleeping;—
Yes, farewell to Waltz and Polka, ere that hour was past, I knew
How Satan will find something still,
For idle hands to do.

Selected Articles.

ETHIOPIAN MELODIES.

BY SAMUEL S. FISHER.

This is certainly a musical age—a day for the universal cultivation of sound. The tap of the auctioneer's hammer, that knocked down concert tickets at two and three hundred dollars premium, has scarcely died away; scarcely has the money been spent that was collected by those who rented their house-tops, which were fortunate enough to overlook the platform upon which warbled one great songstress; and yet fresh excitements fill the pages of our public journals, fresh extravagancies are committed by our sober citizens, upon this all-engrossing topic, as another, and another, in succession, appears.

Nothing is so terribly misused in these United States of America as musical notes. They are whistled by Kentucky Whistlers, rung by Campanalians, drummed by Infant Drummers, blown through bellows and Saxe horns, rattled through bones, thumped on tamborines, clashed between cymbals, and ground in barrel organs; they are thrown upon the world by means of solos, duos, trios, quartettes, choruses and full orchestras; they have no rest day or night, but are ever on the go, resounding alike from the bottoms of wells and the tops of chimneys; alike the servants of the public, whether at churches, concerts, or political mass meetings.

While, in accordance with the expressive admonitions of Old Uncle Ned, the "shovel and the hoe" appear, from the high price of provisions to have been "laid down" indefinitely, no disposition to "hang up the fiddle and the bow" is perceptible; or, if there ever was a time at which their functions were so suspended, it is evident that they have been taken down again, with a determination to make up for lost time, and a firm resolution that they shall suffer that disgrace no more.

An attentive listener to the sounds which are floating all over the country in musical clouds, cannot have failed to have distinguished among the fragments of "Norma," and "Lucia," and "The Last Rose of Summer," the notes of another class of melodies, well known and distinct, of which "The Old Folks at Home," and "Oh! Boys, carry me 'long!" are at present the popular representatives. Referring to the music stores, we find the descriptive name of this class to be "Ethiopian Melodies," and referring to the walls and fences, we are further informed that they are the peculiar property of various Ethiopian, Euterpean, New Orleans and Virginia Serenaders, who in order to distribute their favors impartially, and avoid the danger of passing by some friend, if, in the old-fashioned way, they went from house to house in the stilly night, adopt a more convenient and profitable plan, by making themselves stationary, and inviting their friends and the public generally to come and be serenaded.

Whether these melodies indeed took their rise in Ethiopia, as their name indicates, is somewhat doubtful, as that portion of the earth is marked upon the Geographical Atlas "unexplored." It is, however, generally supposed that they were brought to this country sometime before the adoption of the article of the Federal Constitution prohibiting "the migration or importation of *persons*," and that since that time, until about twenty-five years ago, they have existed in comparative obscurity, somewhere South of Mason and Dixon's Line.

About the year 1827 they made their appearance in the North, and the lay of the first dark minstrel was listened to, away from his native corn-fields and tobacco plantations. The character of the songs of that day was essentially different from the form under which they come before us at present. They were negro melodies—*genuine* negro melodies, such as had resounded many a time around the fire at a "corn shucking," or had formed the tune to which the "Juba" had been danced upon the earthen floor of many a real cabin. "Old Virginny Nebber Tire" was one of them, and "Coal Black Rose" another; "Sittin on a Rail," and "De Blue Tail Fly," were of the same stamp, and rejoiced in a common origin. Tunes with some melody, words without sense, ending with a chorus, in which every one could shout to his heart's content, and in which voices that would have disdained one of Moore's Melodies, were heard energetically proclaiming,

"I went down to Richmond, I didn't go to stay,
I got so drunk dat I couldn't get away.
Oh, whar did you come from,
Shookalakaday?
Whar did you come from,
All day long?"

These tunes became popular; they could not do otherwise; they were a variety; they appealed to the risibilities. Their appeal was answered, and negro melodies, sung, at first, by a few isolated performers, began their race. But now came a difficulty; these old tunes, much as they were admired, would not last forever; the public taste, gratified by the novelty, must be fed by continued novelty, or it would speedily flag. There was no opportunity of going to the sources of these tunes—the negro poets and composers—and demanding a fresh supply.—They were not to be found; the airs which they knew, had appeared among them, no one could tell how. They had heard them somewhere, and learned them, that was all.

In this dilemma, musicians at the North undertook to supply the demand, by imitating as closely as possible the verse and music of the original. They did not dream of such tunes as "Nelly was a Lady," or "Massa's in de Cold Ground," for the transition would have been so great that no one would have been able to have noticed the connection. The result of these efforts was the "Old Gray Goose," "Lucy Long," and, later, "Dandy Jim of Caroline," and "Boatman's Dance."

Still, the march of improvement went on. It was found that an effective chorus would aid much to the attractiveness of songs, and, accordingly, bands were formed under names very much resembling those by which they are at present known; these, in their turn, have undergone changes; from a simple quartette, many of them number as many as fifteen or twenty. Their performances have been somewhat altered. It was found that instead of an occasional darkey song, in connection with other entertainments, a concert could be given consisting of these alone; instrumental music was introduced, and jokes, *bon mots*, stories, and repartees, contributed to the public amusement. To these have, within a few years, been added dances, miscellaneous performances, and burlesque operatic scenes, while performers of a very high order of talent, both instrumental and vocal, have devoted their services to the well-known branch of popular entertainment.

The change through which the words of these melodies have passed is more striking than any other. It has been gradual, but very evident. I have already referred to the manner in which the composition of these airs came to be transferred from the native artists to the Northern imitators. Like most other exotics, their character was soon changed by foreign cultivation; a new idea appeared, which I may call the *pathetic* element of my subject. "Old Uncle Ned" was produced, and rapidly followed by "Rosa Lee," "Mary Blane," and "Nelly was a Lady." Still, the change in the comic songs went on through "Dearest May," "Oh! Susanna!" and a number of others, until it has nearly reached its perfection in the "Camptown Races," and "Nelly Bly." The pathetic melodies, now perhaps the most popular, bear still less resemblance to their original models. The "Old" and "Young Folks at Home," "Oh! boys, carry me 'long," "Ella Ree," "The Virginia Rosebud," and "Massa's in de Cold Ground," amid a host of others that could be mentioned, mark very distinctly the public taste of the present time. These melodies owe almost all of their popularity to their tunes, and especially to the arrangement of the chorus.—They are generally characterized by a simple air, with an easy running accompaniment, concluding with a chorus in which great harmony of the different parts seems to have been the principal thing studied.

The words are Northern, and have lost their Southern character entirely. They are generally simple doggerels, with a "dey" and "dat," or a "cayse" and "whar," thrown in here and there, to give them their Ethiopian character. There is no resemblance between them and the old negro songs; and a simple comparison of stanzas will prove this. What similarity, for instance, is observable between this:

"In old Virginny, in de arternoon,
We sweep out de kitchen, wid a bran new broom:
And arter dat we form a ring,
An' dis is de song dat we do sing.
Clar de kitchen' old folks, young folks,
Old Virginny neber tire."

And this:

"When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold;
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now, de orange tree am blooming,
On de sandy shore:
Now de summer days are coming,
Massa nebber calls no more."

In short, Ethiopian Melodies are such merely in name; and the name is given to them because this class of songs is at present so well received. The same tunes, with nearly the same words, written in good English and good grammar, and called ballads, would attract no notice whatever, and would be still less likely to acquire any popularity.

It is somewhat difficult to predict what will be the ultimate fate of these "Serenades" of the "Serenaders." They will probably attract attention until the market is unbearably overstocked, and the public ear is weary of the din; when they will give way to some new idea, which in its turn will be born, "to bloom, and die." It may be that Indian High-a-wa's, or Polynesian Tumtums, will be the next musical novelty. Whatever it is, we are prepared for its reception, and will take our stand with the rest of our change-loving friends amid the crash of melody around us, and cry, in full chorus, with the imps in Faustus, "Appear! appear!"—*Drawing-Room Journal.*

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

Having read an account of Havana, by Col. Fuller, and not exactly comprehending whether he meant by his remarks that the feet of the Spanish and Cuban ladies were too large or too small, I beg to satisfy you that they rather incline to the latter. Any one will tell you, who has visited Havana, that the eyes and feet of both Senoras and Caballeros, are the very acme of beauty.

It is very curious to remark the love of display in the blacks; it is a common sight for a large, awkward negress to be walking on a wet day, through the mud, dressed in a white Swiss muslin, and *white satin shoes*—the drapery being hoisted to a most unbecoming height in front, displaying ample extremities *stockingless*; and behind, a train of the fair fabric at least six inches deep in mud. To a stranger the effect is quite unique, and were it not for the sable visage, it might be taken for an eccentricity of the wearer, as it has the effect of black stockings and white shoes—a display of taste not exactly in accordance with modern views.

When riding three in a volante, the middle place is always alloted to the prettiest lady, who is called La Bonita, (or the pretty one.) In passing the stores, if ladies are without gentlemen, the clerk step to the door and pay them compliments, such as "You are very beautiful!" "How lovely!" "What a fair lady!" &c., &c., which is considered quite gallant by them, and is not at all objectionable to the ladies. This custom is not confined to the clerks in stores, but is the general greeting of every Caballero to a good looking lady that he may chance to meet.

The Paseo, or Calle del Prado, which is the most fashionable drive, has three, and in some parts four, distinct roads, running parallel, each one being divided by rows of various flowers of gorgeous hues, and so fragrant that, were it not for the intense heat, one could easily imagine they were in some earthly paradise, *barring the scorpions, musquitoes, lizards*, and all such interesting indispensables to tropical luxuries.

It is very rare to see a white person (even in a volante) until six P. M., as the heat is so intense; but after the sun has burnt himself out, which he seems to do, as he shines with all his might every day, then is the time for enjoyment. A delightful cool breeze from the sea comes sweeping o'er the flowers; thousands of roses deck the road-side and fill the air with their fragrance; and then that glorious Oleander, waving its blossom-laden boughs, and perfuming the whole Paseo. Truly, it is a lovely place—(outside the city walls, be it understood.)

The houses are all low and irregular, painted in different colors, blue predominating—with doors that open from the roof down to the ground, thus making every domicile appear like a modern stable or barn. No one would imagine them dwelling-houses; neither carpets nor glass windows are to be seen. The floors are either marble or red brick, the latter much the most common; it is decidedly objectionable, as the red dust bedaubs everything that comes in contact with it. For windows iron bars are substituted; but as they use no curtains, any one that passes in the street can see into the front room as plainly as when a window is open in the States, so that any one of an inquiring mind may pursue his researches without molestation or impediment.

One singular fact worthy of record is the perfect independence of the juvenile portion of the colored community in respect to their apparel. These important adjuncts to the utility of Havana, are to be seen, both indoors and in the streets, without the vestige of a garment, to the scandal of all American lady visitors. When we were there, a two year old specimen was caught up, (as he was diving down the corridor of the hotel,) and presented by a Cuban gentleman for inspection. On proceeding to pass an opinion as to his probable value, to our intense horror, the juvenile was entirely garmentless—not a stitch to cover him; of course the examination was condensed into as short a period as possible. The following Sunday we saw him dressed up—*i. e.*, enveloped in a calico pinafore. This was an effort of gentility that bespoke a mother of no common mind. But I must desist.

I could write forever about la belle Havana, and always find something new to communicate—but, at present, conclude with recommending all persons interested, and who have time to pay this strange city a visit, and personally test the beauties and inconveniences for themselves.

R. H. M.

WATERLOO.—When Sir Walter Scott was at Paris, (1815,) he was permitted to ask, and did ask, the following questions at his Grace's table, relative to Waterloo:—"Suppose, your Grace, Blucher had not come up?" The Duke replied, "I could have kept my ground till next morning." "Suppose Grouchy had come first?" "Blucher would have been close behind him." "But let us suppose your Grace had been compelled to retreat?" "I would have taken up a position in the Forest of Soignes, and defied all till the allies joined." "Was there any part of the day your Grace despaired?" "Never," was the answer. This is the reply of the first in command. In 1833, the writer of this letter dined at Lord Palmerston's. On his right sat Lord Hill. As his lordship lived near the author, he offered to set him down. When alone in the carriage with Lord Hill, remembering what Sir Walter had affirmed of the Duke's confidence, he said, "Was there any part of the day at Waterloo, my lord, you ever desponded as to the result?" "Desponded!" replied Lord Hill, "NEVER! There never was the least panic. We had gained rather than lost ground by the evening. No, not for a moment had I the least doubt of the result."

WHIS-KEY—a key that has opened the gate to many a man's eternal destruction.

THE JONES FAMILY;

OR, AN ESTIMATE OF MONEY.

It is sheer nonsense to contend that money does nothing towards raising a man's respectability in the world. Enough of this theory was verified in the Jones family. Jacob Jones was a poor, thriftless man, with a large family, who were put to great straits to get along decently, and everybody knew it; yet nobody knew anything against them but their poverty. He was a sensible man, well versed in politics, and could make as handsome a speech as Squire Driver, in any town meeting or Free-hold; but then it was only "Jake Jones, the man who wasn't worth a cent in the world." He might have held important offices in the militia, or been one of the selectmen, but he was so poor he was entirely overlooked.

Besides, this poverty was a great disadvantage to the family. The girls were always held below par, in consequence of their being brought up in an obscure way; and Mrs. Jones, their mother, never attained to any office in the sewing circle or any charitable fair, simply because she could not mingle with the aristocracy. Yet she was acknowledged to be a sensible woman, and every one pitied her because she was *so poor*.

The Jones girls never had a fair position in society, or they would have appeared as well as many others. They were marked as "slab-sided, gawky girls," with whom mothers evidently preferred their daughters should have but little intercourse, and they more especially feared lest their sons should be attracted by their faces, for they were pretty, notwithstanding their poverty; and Mrs. Driver herself declared, "if they only had money, they would appear as well as any ladies in town;" but, as it was, they were only known as "Jake Jones's daughters, who lived in the small red house under the hill."

But Mrs. Jones was descended from an English stock. She used to say, if she only had money to travel, she had no doubt but she could find out her pedigree; but this all went for "smart talk," until one day the public journal announced that "the heirs of Lucretia Seldon, if living, might hear of something to their advantage by calling to —— street, No. 9." Mrs. Jones was a Seldon, and her mother's name was Lucretia—if so, a property of $200,000 was their due from a bachelor uncle as a bequest to the heir of his sister: and Mrs. Jones was her only child. It was her, without mistake.

It would have been a curious chapter to have noted down the sayings of their old acquaintances when it was noised abroad that the Joneses had such a fortune. Mrs. Smith said, "she always thought there was something above the commonality in Mrs. Jones, for her part she had always been social with her, and treated her lady-like." "But, mother," said Sophia, "you did warn me against associating with her daughters. You know you said they were awkward, uncouth girls." "But, my dear, it is not so, they are in reality very genteel, accomplished young ladies, and I have no objection at all to your visiting them, *especially* as such a good fortune has happened to them."

Jacob Jones soon set up a princely style of living. He built an elegant house, kept his carriage, hired servants, received a commission from the Governor as justice of the peace; the next year was first selectman of the town; and Dr. Bond eloquently urged his claims as Representative to the General Court, affirming with great emphasis, that "he knew no man in town better calculated to represent its interests than Squire Jones." This was the same man who bolted out of meeting, rather than hear "old Jake Jones talk," a little more than a year ago!

And now the society of the Misses Jones was courted. "Thomas, Richard, Henry," the mother used to say, "if you are going to a concert or to a lecture, why don't you invite Cary or Sophia Jones to go with you? They are sweet, pretty girls, and you would do well if you could push your way there. The Squire, they say, is worth full two hundred thousand, and that divided makes every child independent."

They were no longer the slab-sided greenies, but the tall, graceful, handsome girls, who were dressed beautifully, and conversed so sensibly. Didn't the Joneses laugh behind the door as they contrasted the present with the past! Then there was Micajah Jones, who used to play the big fiddle in the church, known only in those days as "Cage, the fiddler;" but since he had procured a handsome house-organ, and had contributed a large sum for one in the church, he had assumed the cognomen of "Mr. Jones, our exquisite performer and organist—son of Squire Jones, the gentleman who received such a large property from England." The girls were all ready to set in the choir now, without crying—the organist was a noble-hearted fellow, and wasn't it a treat to borrow his quizzing-glass, to look at the strangers who happened to enter into church?

By-and-bye, there was a new event talked about, for the affairs of Jones was now the all-engrossing topic. Sophia was thought to be engaged to Mr. Tymphony, the village store-keeper. Nobody was certain of the fact. Yet every one knew it must come out an engagement; and it was thought his "variety store" was enlarged, with that view of the Squire's purse, when suddenly Mr. Pinker, from the South, a wealthy cotton planter, carried her away at ten days' notice, where slaves come at her beck and call, to do as she bids.

Another was soon after married to a speculator, who lived like a nabob, gave large entertainments, bought a summer residence in Free-hold, and made it a perfect Paradise. Every one of the daughters "married well," as the phrase is, and never wanted for the warmest friends and admirers.

The Squire and his lady now occupy the broad aisle of the Episcopal Church, and the bishop and rector always consult with him respecting church matters. He is father of the town, and marries more couples than the ministers, because people are pleased to have the knot tied in such elegant drawing-rooms,—and Mrs. Jones invariably orders a glass of wine and a basket of cake at the ceremony.

Cloyes, the barber, lives rent free in the small red house they occupied in the days of their poverty.

The Squire remembers he used to shave him for nothing when his pockets were empty, and he follows the golden rule. Mrs. Jones has made several donations to her former milliner, and a poor woman who used to help her, spring and fall, in her sewing; and not one of the family have assumed a purse-proud air since they came in possession of their property. Consequently, they are deservedly respected, and this shows plainly that they have *common sense* as a regulating medium, since they cast no reflections upon the former inattentions of people in their days of poverty, which is an infallible method to make them feel that although *money changed them* in the estimate of others, the genuine merit in *themselves* remains unchanged. Yet, all the while, they are as conscious as others that *money alone* gave them their present position in society.

A CURE BY THE "HAIR OF THE SAME DOG."

A friend gives us the following peculiar case of tobacco chewing and its cure. A gentleman in this vicinity was excessively fond of the weed—a whole paper made just three "quids" for him. His better half was a neat woman. She disliked tobacco, and especially did she dislike the appearance of a pile of "old soldiers," back of a fireboard, where the gentleman was in the habit of throwing them. They were ugly looking customers, large and nasty. The gentleman himself was otherwise neat, and took pleasure in spending his evenings in his well furnished parlor.

His lady finally determined to make the "old soldiers" in the corner as odious to him as possible, and the next day she gathered them all together, and added all the outsiders; she had no difficulty in getting enough, as the gentleman not only chewed large "cuds," but changed them often. She placed them in conspicuous places upon the beautiful Brussels carpet; in the centre of the room she placed a "king-pile," composed of five of the largest and coarsest. Around stood on end the sentinels in regular order. The whole were made to show to the best advantage, and they really did themselves credit. They stood up on end in full proportions.

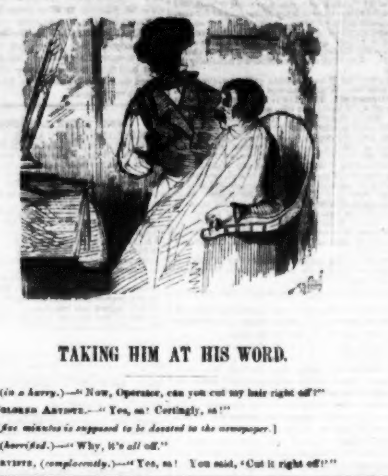
At dark the gas-lights were brilliantly burning, and shortly after the gentleman came in. He stopped short, and at first commenced some hard epithets, then he burst into loud laughter, and his wife came in to see what the matter was.

"Who did this?" said he; "who put these nasty things here? They'll ruin your carpet," and he rang for a servant to clear them away, when his wife interposed.

"These things came directly from your mouth," said she. "Are they nasty? will they spoil the carpet?" And then looking at him kindly, she added, "if these things are fit to be held for hours together in my husband's mouth, they are certainly no disgrace to lie upon the carpet which we tread upon."

"Just so," said the husband; and for some reason he has not had any tobacco in his mouth since that time.—*Hartford Times.*

City Scenes.



TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

CUSTOMER, (*in a hurry.*)—"Now, Operator, can you cut my hair right off?"

OBLIGING COLORED ARTIST.—"Yes, sa! Certingly, sa!"

[*A lapse of five minutes is supposed to be devoted to the newspaper.*]

CUSTOMER, (*horrified.*)—"Why, it's *all* off."

COLORED ARTIST, (*complacently.*)—"Yes, sa! You said, 'Cut it right off!'"

Wit and Humor.

WATERLOO YARNS.

The world has been listening for years to stories of Waterloo; but it would seem that like a certain other commodity, long since familiar to our readers, "there are a few more left of the same sort." An individual who owned a small tavern near the eventful field, was frequently questioned by visitors as to whether he did not possess some *relics* of the battle, and as invariably and as honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyances to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with,

"Well, make one help the other. *Make* some relics!"

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor one.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down on that chair."

Not long after an English tourist entered, and inquiring for relics, heard the chair story. The chair was at once bought at an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the "Wellington tumbler" was accordingly sold. The third "arrival" gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had "hung up his hat." The fourth purchased the door posts between which he entered, and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advices, the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was seen sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit formed by selling the dirt *on which the house had stood!*

In a clever volume of miscellanies, by the well known and witty Leon Gozlan, there is an account of a visit he made, a few months ago, to the field of Waterloo; and he gives us in it many curious illustrations of French feeling. The following anecdote, told by one of the guides to M. Gozlan, as a fact which had come under his own special observation, is by no means bad:—An English traveller and an American traveller, ascended at the same time, the Mountain of the Lion, to enjoy the vast panorama of the battle field. The same guide served for both. He commenced his recital with as much impartiality as possible; but at length he could not avoid saying, "Here the French gave way before the impetuous charge of the English." Upon which the American muttered, "*That's not true!*" The Englishman looked at him, and the guide continued. Soon afterwards he was obliged to say, in the course of his narrative, "In the ravine to which I am pointing the French were put to flight by the English cavalry." "*That's not true,*" repeated the obstinate American. The Englishman looked at him again, and calmly turned up his cuffs; the American did so too. A third time the guide, whose oratorical powers were now in full swing, announced a fact more glorious to the English than to the French, and a third time the American coolly added, "*That's not true!*" This went on for some time; but upon the eighth contradiction of the American, the Englishman threw himself upon him; the American parried the blow, and with clenched fists they began to box in solemn silence. They boxed upon a platform scarcely two yards across, and over a perpendicular precipice of more than a hundred and forty feet in depth. Their rage increased with the force of their blows, they closed, wrestled, and fell, and locked in each other's embrace, they rolled from the top to the bottom of the mountain. They were neither dead nor wounded, but the American getting up from the ground, said to the Englishman, "No, sir, it is not true."

JOHN RANDOLPH OUTDONE.—Of the many amusing anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we do not believe the following was ever in print:—

He was through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted—during the meantime, he stopped during the night at the inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt one of the *first families of the Old Dominion!* Knowing who this distinguished guest was, he endeavored, during the evening, to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, he began as follows:

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please—do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes, the servant came to inquire for his master, which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath—

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take what road you please."

It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.—*Norfolk News.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"What are you going for?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never, had, and yet can give me without any loss to yourself."

"You are very welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?"

"A husband!"

"Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to begin."

HURRIED INDEED.—A clam merchant, meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of an engine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him.

"Ever fed him! That's a good un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, *only he ain't got any time to eat em!*"

AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.—*Harriet.*—"Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could hardly sleep all night."

Blanche.—"Well, what is it, dear?"

Harriet.—"Why, I don't know whether to have my new merino frock violet or dark blue!"—*Punch.*

OXFORD PUNS.—Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton, we believe that the following is little known. A gentleman, coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Vowel dead! thank God it is neither *u* nor *I*."

MASON VERSUS ANTI-MASON.—A few days ago, two bricklayers, refreshing the "inner-man," at noon, at the place where they were at work, got into discussion upon the merits of Free Masonry. Neither of them were members of the ancient fraternity, but both thought they knew considerable about it. While they were warmly expressing their opinions, one of them noticed that their hod-carrier, a genuine specimen of Ethiopia's race, who was sitting near them, appeared very much interested in the discussion, so much so indeed, that his corn bread and pickled pork lay upon the scaffolding untouched.

"Well," said he, to his brother laborer, "it is foolish in us to be discussing so warmly something we know so little about. If either were a Mason, there would be some sense in it."

"I know more about the Masons than you think I do," said the other.

"Pshaw! that's nonsense. There's Jack, the hod-carrier, listening very attentively, and I should not be a bit surprised if he knows more about them than both of us. Jack!" he cried, to the colored individual.

"Sar?"

"Do you know the difference between a Mason and an Anti-Mason?"

"Yes, sar, I belieb I does."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tell de truf, an' it neber fails, a *Mason is de man what lays de mortar, an' de Anti-Mason de man what carries de hod!*"—*Cincinnati Times.*

A GOOD ONE.—A young lady at the Odd Fellow's Festival last evening, who was decorated with several artificial flowers about her person, was approached by a young man whose breath gave evidence of his having imbibed a little too freely. He addressed her with—"Miss ——, have not those flowers lost their fragrance?" "If they *have not*," she replied, "they certainly *will* if they come in contact with your breath!"—*Troy Times.*

INSANE GENIUS.—An English author having become insane, was placed in a mad-house, where he used to pass most of his time in writing. One night being thus engaged by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when, in an imperious manner, he called out, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" The cloud became thicker, and he exclaimed, "The stupid god, he has snuffed it out."

Miscellaneous.

A PROPER INTRODUCTION.

How much trouble and embarrassment have been caused in this world for want of a proper introduction. Two strangers meet—are simply introduced by a mutual friend, who, after the presentation, walks away, and leaves them to entertain each other in the best manner they can. Most probably neither of them understood the other's name. They have no topic in common; the silence is becoming embarrassing, and after a powerful racking of brains, one of them desperately launches forth upon some subject of general interest, ardently espouses the popular opinion, condemns the other, and discovers, after he has finished, the appalling truth, that the person to whom he has been unfolding his sentiments is a prominent supporter, perhaps one of the prime movers, of the opposite side of the question.

In an introduction, even the mere name of the parties is not sufficient. Some mention should be made of the family of the person to whom you are about to be presented, his prospects, religion and politics; and any remarkable event that may have occurred in the course of his life should be touched upon. If these rules were observed, how many disagreeable consequences might be prevented, and how many serious quarrels would never have had being. We will now give a few instances of proper introductions.

"Allow me to introduce you to Colonel Clifton, a brave officer, rather peppery and touchy in disposition, an unerring marksman, has killed four men in duels, and goes red hot against the present administration." Knowing all this, you are particularly cautious to say nothing in praise of the reigning powers, and thus escape exciting his peppery and duelling propensities, and becoming his fifth victim.

Again—"Shall I present you to Mr. Fitzpatrick, a man of very respectable and wealthy connections, but whose father was hung for murder?" This little explanation will deter you from making any unpleasant allusion to a rope, by which you might unintentionally cause bitter mortification to your new acquaintance.

You are walked up to an uninteresting old lady upon whom you inwardly vow you will not waste a word or a moment of time. "Shall I make you acquainted with Mrs. Gillespie, the mother of four charming daughters, worth $50,000 apiece?" Your plan of operations is at once changed. You play the agreeable to the old lady, bring your whole artillery of charms to bear upon her, compliment her upon her youthful appearance, speak of her daughters' beauty, and their resemblance to their mother, and the game is in your hands.

"Permit me to introduce you to Dr. Vanderflunk, a gentleman of great influence and learning, of rare scientific attainments, and the discoverer of a new comet. The best society of the city is always to be met with at his house." Accordingly you make your most deferential bow, speak with reverence of his learning and science, and your wish that you could immortalise yourself as he has done by an equally wonderful discovery. The deed is accomplished—you are forthwith invited to his house, and mingle in "the best society of the city."

"Will you be presented to Miss Chamberlain? She is beautiful as Helen, fascinating as Cleopatra, dances like a sylph, sings like Jenny Lind, but has not a cent in the world." This final clause gives you a timely hint as to your proceedings. However agreeable you may find her, however smitten by her beauty and attractions, you must not carry your penchant for the young lady so far that her relations will have any reason to call and inquire your intentions.

It is unnecessary to give any more examples; enough has been quoted to show the great evils which may arise, on presenting strangers, from the neglect of a slight explanation, and the manifest importance of a proper introduction.—*Journal.*

WHAT IS A SNOB?—Thackeray, in one of his lectures, said there were not as many *snobs* in this country as in his, but there were *some*.—If the reader will follow us through his definition of a "snob," and then look round upon the community, he will begin to suspect that the class is "large and respectable." Said Thackeray:

"A *snob* is that man or woman who are always pretending, before the world, to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than they are. It is one who thinks his own position in life contemptible, and is always yearning and striving to force himself into one above, without the education or characteristics which belong to it; one who looks down upon, despises, and over-rides his inferiors, or even equals of his own standing, and is ever ready to worship, fawn upon, and flatter a rich or titled man, not because he is a good man, a wise man, or a Christian man; but because he has the luck to be rich or consequential."

INSCRIPTIONS FOR STATUES.

BY THACKERAY.

"George the First—Star of Brunswick.

"He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife,
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But he liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption."

"George II.

"In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

"My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

"At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:

"I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

"Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With PITT on his knees at my dirty old feet."

"George III.

"Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

"I, through a decent, reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

"Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

"My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

"When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against NAPOLEON;

"Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for OLD ENGLAND and OLD GEORGE;

"I let loose flaming NELSON on his fleets;
I met his troops with WELLESLEY'S bayonets.

"Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea;
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

"Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

"But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

"I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though NAPOLEON bow'd.

"The rescued Kings come kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings, I never heeded them.

"My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

"What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?"

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

To every mind susceptible of religious impressions, a terrible mystery gathers around the transgression which Christ affirms finds no forgiveness. There is a universal, and with many an unconscious recoil from trifling deliberately with the Holy Spirit. Who ever heard in the dialect of profanity, amid all the appellations applied to the Father and the Son, the name of the third Person of the Trinity? We can give no reason for the remarkable exception made by the boldest blasphemer, but the instinctive fear of pouring open contempt upon the Holy Ghost. But it was the design of this article to narrate two facts of personal knowledge, which I have regarded as illustrating the nature of that sin, whose general definition is a fatal grieving of the Spirit.

Mr. L—— was a man of sound understanding. When past middle life, under the influence of a praying wife and daughters, he was the subject of deep religious convictions. One Sabbath-day, a daughter, who has since devoted herself to the missionary work, was by his side urging the claims of God, and presenting to his burdened heart an infinite Saviour. The father wept, turned pale, and visibly trembled. At length, in his agitation, he fell from his chair on the carpet, with the Bible in his hands. After a momentary silence, he rallied, and with indignant energy, threw the sacred volume against the wall, exclaiming, "*I will not be a Christian!*" He soon rose calm as marble, and remained so till he died, glorying in a joyless scepticism. His decision was evidently *final*—there was appalling reason to fear the Spirit had left him to perish.

W. T—— was a young lawyer of promise. He had often been the subject of serious impressions from early youth. During a powerful awakening, he was for weeks distressed and anxious. The season of refreshing to Zion passed by, and he was still impenitent. A gradual hardness was observed, and those who had prayed for him felt that they had lost importunity at the throne of grace in his behalf. He waxed bold in sin, until he bared his breast while the thunder-storm was darkening the sky, and *dared God to strike him!* He sported with his former emotions, and stood among men like a monument branded with the words of doom. He did not know, and none but the Infinite One saw when his *gradual* approach to the *last* resistance of the Spirit reached the limit of mercy.

In both of these cases, the results were the same. But while one sinner crossed the line of hope with a visible stride, the other moved to it no less surely, though with more timid and imperceptible steps. The last stanzas of "The Doomed Man" are an answer to all inquiry on the awful theme:

Oh, where is this mysterious line,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called *to-day* repent,
And harden not your heart.

P. C. H.

American Messenger.

RUNAWAY MARRIAGES.

There is a great amount of good, sober truth in the following remarks from the New York Tribune, upon runaway matches, which we are glad to see are now generally discountenanced in all good fictions, except in those very extreme cases which render them justifiable:—

In a great majority of cases, the elopement of a young lady is unwise, giddy, ungrateful, immodest, and evinces a lascivious appetite and reckless disposition. Why should she desert and distress those who have loved, nurtured and cherished her through all her past years, to throw herself into the arms of a comparative stranger, who has done nothing for her, and whose protestations of affection have yet to undergo the first trial? It is every way unworthy of pure and gentle maidenhood to do so.

We can imagine but one excuse for her elopement—namely, the efforts of parents or guardians to coerce her into marrying some one she does not love. To avoid such a fate, she is justified in running away; for no parent has or ever had a right to constrain a daughter to marry against her will. But where the parents are willing to wait, the daughter should also consent to wait, until her choice is assented to or she attains her legal majority. Then, if she chooses to marry in opposition to her parents' wishes, let her quit their home openly, frankly, in broad daylight, and in such manner as shall kindly but utterly preclude any pretence that her act is clandestine or ill-considered. No one should be persuaded or coerced to marry where she does not love; but to wait a year or two for the assent of those who have all her life done what they could for her welfare, no daughter should esteem a hardship.

There is some truth to be told about the "common run" of masculine prowlers by night about garden walls and under bed room windows, in quest of opportunities to pour seducing flatteries into the ears of simple misses; but we have not time to tell it now. As a general rule, they are licentious, good-for-nothing adventurers, who would much rather marry a living than work for it, and who speculate on the chances of "bringing the old folks round" after a year or two. A true man would not advise, much less urge, the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.

THE IRON DUKE.—Some years since, the Duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and, without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.—"Who're you?" asked the Duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up, without the least change of countenance, upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon." "What want?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me?—very odd." "I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "'Bliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again—and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.—*New Quarterly Review.*

MRS. OPIE.—Anything in regard to Mrs. Opie sounds like a story from the "land of spirits;" and, in this character, we have this from the last number of the *Presbyterian* (in an interesting series of sketches of "Eminent persons abroad:")

"From Lady Smith's we went to Mrs. Opie's. I had previously had some communication with her by letter, and we met almost as old friends. She did not seem to me to be a natural Quaker; and, though I saw before me the Quaker dress, and heard the *thee* and *thou*, she was so bright and cheerful—I might almost say, gay—that it really required an effort for me to believe that her Quakerism was a matter of sober reality. However, she really was a *bona fide* member of the society, and, I doubt not, a highly exemplary one, too; for, notwithstanding the buoyancy of her spirits, I had afterward evidence that she was truly and deeply devout. Almost the first thing she said to me, after I met her, was, pointing to an American volume of sermons that lay on the table, 'There, I am in the habit of reading that book to my servants, on *first day* evening.' As she knew that I had just come from the continent, she made many inquiries concerning my tour; and then gave me many interesting particulars of a visit which she had made, not long before, at Paris. She was a short, stout person, and seemed to me then to be verging towards sixty; but she was evidently extremely youthful in her feelings, and all her faculties were in their full vigor. As this was Saturday, she requested me to dine with her on Monday; and when I told her that my engagements would not permit it, she invited me to breakfast; and that invitation I accepted."

THE IMMORTALITY OF AFFECTION.—Who, in the course of his life, hath not been so bewitched, and worshipped some idol or another?—Years after this passion hath been dead and buried, along with a thousand other worldly cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recall it out of its grave, and admire, almost as fondly as he did in his youth, that lovely, queenly creature. I invoke that beautiful spirit from the shades, and love her still; or rather I should say, such a past is always present to a man; such a passion once felt forms a part of his whole being, and cannot be separated from it; it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, just as any faith or conviction, the discovery of poetry, the awakening of religion, ever afterward influences him; just as the wound I had at Blenheim, and of which I wear the scar, hath become part of my frame and influenced my whole body—nay, spirit—subsequently, though 'twas got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the Truths of our life, never leave us.—*Thackeray's Esmond.*

THE CALIFORNIA LIONESS.—The question as to whether the lion, or an animal resembling the lion, is found in America, has at last been settled in California. There are old legends of lions in this country, dating from the earliest days of the Puritans, and one of the first books written about New England, asserts that, "of a surety, there bee lyons in this country," and proceeds to state that the inhabitants of Dedham, Massachusetts, had been greatly alarmed by the roaring of an old lion. But a paper recently published at Marysville, California, gives an account of the killing of a genuine California lioness near the Mokelumne river. The animal bore a strong resemblance to the Bengal lioness. She was two feet four inches in height, and measured, from the nose to the tip of her tail, eight feet two inches. The head was very small compared with the body. The tail was three feet in length. The editor says, many persons, and himself among the rest, have doubted the existence of the lion in California; but it seems that the animal really does exist, and he yields his doubts.

For Housekeepers.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Wash a fine large chicken, put it in a pot and cover it with water with a little salt. Pick and wash two table spoonsful of rice, a bunch of sweet herbs, washed, and tied with a thread, two onions, and a little celery cut fine. Add these to the chicken as soon as it begins to boil. When the chicken is tender add a small bunch of parsely finely minced; let it boil a few minutes and then serve it. Season with pepper and salt to the taste. Serve the chicken with drawn butter. Some like allspice in this soup. If you should like it add a tea-spoonful of the whole grains. Noodles or dumplings may be substituted in place of the rice. The dumplings are made with a tea-spoonful of butter, two of flour, and water enough to form a soft dough. Take a tea-spoonful of the dough and drop into the boiling soup. Let them boil a few minutes. Pearl barley may be used instead of rice.

LAMB SOUP.—Take a neck and breast of lamb, wash it, and to each pound of meat add a quart of water, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Pare and slice two onions, two carrots, four turnips, two or three potatoes and a bunch of sweet herbs. Add all these to the meat after it has boiled one hour. If in the proper season add three or four tomatoes or half a dozen ochras. When the vegetables are done, take out the meat, and add some flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Noodles or dumplings may be added, as for beef soup. Some thicken lamb soup with a little rice put in the pot with the lamb.—*National Cook Book.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 15, 27, 17, 12, 3, was the goddess of fire.
My 15, 27, 4, 10, 14, was the wife of Vulcan.
My 8, 31, 16, 11, was the goddess of strife.
My 24, 27, 30, 27, was the goddess of youth.
My 23, 27, 2, 27, 7, was the goddess of Agriculture.
My 9, 35, 19, 34, 32, 11, was the youth whom Venus transformed into a wildflower.
My 31, 16, 25, 21, 28, was twin sister to Apollo.
My 27, 18, 24, 19, was the nymph loved Narcissus.
My 9, 27, 4, 33, were spirits presiding over the lives of men.
My 33, 13, 21, 19, 2, 28, was the goddess who bestowed upon her husband immortality.
My 26, 34, 12, 24, 19, 20, 7, was transformed into a grasshopper.
My 1, 29, 2, 16, 27, 7, were ministers sent by the gods to punish their enemies.
My 5, 3, 7, 22, 19, 31, was brother to Helen.
My 1, 31, 27, 28, was the goddess of Hope.
My whole is the name of a poet-politician.
Danville, Va. A. C. C. G.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 12, 17, 9, 6, 16, 7, is a place of amusement.
My 2, 5, 10, 15, is a member of the body.
My 3, 14, 14, 7, 18, is a girl's name.
My 4, 17, 5, 16, is a wild animal.
My 5, 8, 3, 10, is a word often used in the testament.
My 6, 9, 16, 7, 18, 6, 17, 14, 14, 5, is a poisonous reptile.
My 7, 10, 15, is what we will all come to.
My 8, 12, 16, 9, 11, 14, 3, is what no man can perform.
My 9, 18, 6, is an insect.
My 10, 9, 13, 14, is used by carpenters.
My 11, 5, 6, 12, 17, 16, 13, 10, 3, is a girl's name.
My 12, 7, 18, is a domestic fowl.
My 13, 16, is a preposition.
My 14, 13, 8, 3, is a tropical fruit.
My 15, 5, 10, 13, 7, 14, is a boy's name.
My 16, 9, 13, 18, benefits the farmer.
My 17, 14, 8, is a beautiful tree.
My 18, 9, 8, 7, is what every person has.
My whole are the wonders of the age.
Richmond, Va. W. SEYMOUR.

CHARADE.

Away, away, for my bounding first,
As thought itself is free;
Away, away, all bonds are burst
That seek to fetter thee.
Away, ye fools! of Godlike birth
Is the immortal mind;
But this unto the trembling earth,
As soon as my first you'll bind.

Up, up, from the face of the teeming earth,
Where the blushing rose is seen,
Like evil thoughts in the midst of mirth,
My next spring up, I ween.
Up, up, the germs of worthless seeds,
Beside life's wayside springs,
Pluck them out in thy might, lest like evil deeds,
They choke all the better things.

Twine, twine me a wreath of my beautiful twain,
Ye may laugh them to scorn if ye will;
Go, find me a flower in Flora's train,
That contains more beauty still.
Ye'll find them alway, where the salt sea spray,
Hath o'er them for ages burst;
"Ye may call them weeds," but for me, I'll say,
"They are the bright flowers" of my first.

Jersey City. C. Y.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy said that when he counted his nuts, two by two, three by three, four by four, five by five, and six by six, they came out even; but when he counted them seven by seven, there was an odd one. How many had he?

S. W. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which are the only two letters of the Alphabet that have ever? Ans.—A and B, because A B C (see) D.

☞ Why is an egg like a colt? Ans.—Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

☞ What part of a shop is like any other part? Ans.—The counter part.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Mormon Doctrine.

ENIGMA.—Lucius Flaccus Valerius.

CHARADE.—Countrymen.

PROBLEM.—After 4 days.

Agricultural.

COTTON:

ITS CONSUMPTION AND PRODUCTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We saw an expression, some years ago, in reference to the production and consumption of cotton, which struck us with much force, and which we have never forgotten since. It was, that "*the world must be clothed.*" And *cotton* is the article, which has chiefly to be relied on, to do this. This we see, from the extensive, various, and increasing uses, to which it is constantly applied, in all climates and regions of the world. And this being the case, the *price* of cotton, however it may fluctuate from local and transitory circumstances and occurrences, must continue good, and to *increase*, as we shall show. Hence, "*cotton* is by much the most important element in the commerce of the world;" and "is the chief and most valuable article, both in the domestic and export trade of the United States, and is the great staple production of the South; and not this continent only, but the whole world, has a deep concern in every thing affecting the production and price of cotton."

We have been led to these remarks, and to write this communication, from an interesting article we lately saw, on *cotton*, showing how rapidly the *consumption* is outstripping the *production* of it. The "Economist," a British journal, presents some very important facts on this subject. "The Economist is of opinion that the present crop of cotton (1852) will command even a higher price than the last; and it supports its conclusion by adequate arguments. The cotton crop of the United States for the year ending August 31, 1852, reached 3,015,029 bales, being 659,772 bales increase upon the crop of the last year, 918,323 bales increase upon the crop of the year preceding the last, and 628,051 bales more than the average crop of the last six years. But the *increase of consumption* more than kept pace with the increase of production; and hence the price was enhanced, and the stocks reduced.

"In September of 1852, the price of cotton was twenty per cent. higher than in September of 1851. But the stocks were much smaller, as appears from the following table:

	Sep. 30, 1851. Bales.	Sept. 30, 1852. Bales.
Great Britain,	639,000	590,000
France,	39,000	49,000
Remainder of Europe,	61,000	73,000
	739,000	712,000

"This phenomenon of a diminished stock and a higher price, in the face of a largely increased supply, is accounted for solely by a *greatly increased consumption*. In Great Britain the weekly consumption of cotton in 1851, was 31,800 bales; in 1852, the consumption reached about 40,000 bales a week, or 2,000,000 per annum. On the continent there has been a corresponding increase of consumption. The direct shipments from the United States to France, in the present year, have been 120,017 bales more than in the last, and to other parts of Europe 84,425 bales more. In the United States the consumption of 1850,–'51 was 404,000 bales; of 1851–'52, it was 603,000—a conclusive contradiction, by the way, of the pretended distress of the manufacturing interest in this country. Thus it is seen that the *increase* in the *consumption* of cotton, is greater than the increase in production; and we have every reason to believe that this will *continue* to be the case. The Economist says, 'extensive mills are now in the course of erection in Great Britain,' and contends that the consumption there will continue to increase. We know that on the continent of Europe, and especially in Germany, the consumption of cotton is increasing steadily and rapidly; in the United States, notwithstanding the false alarms of greedy capitalists, the example of thriving factories is daily calling additional spindles into operation. It is not hazardous to assert that during the next twelve months, the consumption of cotton throughout the world will continue to increase in an unprecedented ratio. But from the most reliable accounts, the supply will not exceed, if indeed it will equal, the supply of 1851–'52. Notwithstanding British experiments in Asia, Africa, and the West Indies, upon the Southern States of this Union, the world is dependent for its supply of cotton, (the flax substitute being a dead failure)."

"Thus, while the consumption increases, the production scarcely remains the same—the supply lags behind the demand. Hence the well founded conclusion that the prices of cotton will range higher during the next than during the past twelve months. Of course this result may be prevented by war, or other extraordinary contingencies, of which we make no account in our calculations." The Economist says: "To those who are familiar with cotton statistics, these figures may well occasion grave consideration; for, stupendous as is the expansion of manufactures in this country, it will be found that the aggregate per centage increase in the consumption of cotton in foreign Europe, surpasses even its rapid extension in Great Britain. When it is found, that after the largest crop ever collected in the United States, and with average production in other countries, the stocks of cotton are less than they were twelve months ago, the *momentous* question arises—How is this demand for cotton to be supplied?"

This is a question which can only be answered—By an *increase of production*. But as this increase of production cannot keep pace with the *increase of consumption*, as now going on, the result must be, that cotton must not only continue to maintain its prices, but must increase in value. And this being the case, *cotton lands*, or lands fitted for the cultivation of cotton, must also increase in value. The result must be, to attract emigration to cotton regions; and cotton lands in Arkansas, Texas, etc., that are now almost given away, must rise, or increase in value. Hence, now is the best time in the world, perhaps, to secure a good home, at cheap rates, in Arkansas, Texas, etc. Cotton lands, everywhere, must soon increase in value; and continue to maintain that value, or to increase it.

J. R. H.

Woodlawn, Union County, near Hillsboro', Ark., Feb. 2nd, 1852.

LIVE CATTLE WEIGHED BY MEASURE.—The only instrument necessary is a tape measure, with feet and inches marked upon it. The girth is the circumference of the animal just behind the shoulder blades. The length is the distance from the shoulder blade to the rear of the buttock. The superficial feet are obtained by multiplying the girth and length. The following table contains the rule to ascertain the weight of the animal:

If less than 1 ft. in girth, multiply superficial ft. by 8
" 3 and more than 1, " " 11
" 5 " 3, " " 16
" 7 " 5, " " 23
" 9 " 7, " " 33
" 11 " 9, " " 42

Example. Suppose the girth of a bullock to be 6 ft. 2 in.; length 5 ft. 6 in. The superficial area will then be 34 square ft. This multiplied by 23, in accordance with the preceding table gives the weight 782 lbs.

Example. Suppose a pig to measure in girth 2 ft., and in length 1 ft. 9 in. There would then be 3½ superficial ft., which, multiplied by 11, gives 38½ lbs. as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way, the weight of the four quarters can be substantially ascertained during life.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERRA CULTURE.—This "discovery" of Professor Comstock's, is said to be as follows:—There is a point in every plant which the "Professor" calls "the seat of life." This point is said to be where the root merges into the stalk—or what we suppose sailors would call the line "between wind and water." According to the inventor of this idea, plants put too high or too low in the ground, in regard to the "seat of life," will not thrive.—*Boston Cultivator.*

WEATHER IN ENGLAND.—Remarkably mild weather seems to have been experienced in England, as well as in this country. An English paper says:

"On the right of the road leading from Weymouth to Smallmouth Sands, in a large field occupied by a cow-keeper, there was witnessed on Saturday last, the extraordinary scene of men *mowing grass in the middle of January.*"

PROGRESS OF POULTRY.—Should poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken cutlets and capon steaks; and as to the merry-thought, it will become so heavy as to be no joke.

☞ One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning, every gable, gateway or barn-door, is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the Winter.

For the Young.

GLASS.

Q. What is *glass*?

A. Glass is a mixture of *silex* and an *alkali*, usually the carbonate of potash or soda, with lime or oxide of lead, according to the quality of glass to be manufactured. These substances are melted together at a high temperature, which expels the carbonic acid. The mass is left to cool, until it is in a proper state for working.

Q. How is glass worked?

A. Articles of blown glass, such as bottles, etc., are made thus: The workman has an iron tube, five or six feet long, with a mouth piece *of wood*, to prevent the heat of the tube from injuring his mouth; this tube he inserts into the pasty glass, and collects a lump large enough to form a bottle; he then rolls it on a marble slab into a pear-shaped ball; this is inserted into a metal mould which opens and shuts on hinges; he then blows through the tube so as to expand the cooling glass into the shape of the mould. The mould is then opened and the bottle is taken out at the end of the tube; it is then touched with a rod of *cold* iron, which cracks off the bottle at its mouth piece.

Q. How is plate glass made?

A. It is cast on a flat metal table, and after careful annealing, it is ground and polished by machinery.

"*Annealing*," a process which renders glass less brittle or liable to break. This extreme brittleness is prevented by placing the glass in an oven, where it will cool *very slowly*. It requires some hours, or even days, to cool. This is called annealing.

Q. How is plate glass ground?

A. One plate of glass is attached to a table, another smaller one is firmly fixed in a wooden frame. The smaller one is made to move over the lower plate by means of machinery. At first, moistened sand is thrown beneath the plates; as they become smoother, wet emery of different degrees of fineness is used, instead of the sand; lastly, it is polished with putty of tin.

"Putty of tin" is made thus: Tin is heated above its melting point; it then oxidizes rapidly, becoming converted into a whitish powder used in the arts for polishing under the name of *putty powder*, or *putty of tin*.

Q. For what purpose is plate glass used?

A. For mirrors and large window panes.

Q. How are *mirrors* made?

A. They are made of plate glass, covered with an alloy of mercury and tin.

The alloy is formed of 30 parts mercury, 70 tin.—From "*Familiar Science*," edited by R. E. Peterson.

The Olio.

I KNEW THAT HE LOVED ME.

BY CLARIBEL LEE.

I knew by the pensive shade on his brow,
By his words fitly chosen and few!
By the tones of his voice, entrancing and low,
That he loved, without courage to woo!

I knew by the light in his beautiful eyes,
By his brilliant and oft-changing mood,
By his blush when I came, and his eloquent sighs,
That he loved me—yet stayed to be wooed!

And I knew that this life must be darksome and drear,
If no flower o'er its path Love could strew—
That for me the blossoms of Hope were now sere,
Since modesty forbade HIM to woo!

Portland Transcript.

WHAT IS DESIRABLE.—While we admit that a great part of the proceedings of the Woman's Rights Conventions have been of a nonsensical nature, we are no less convinced that the complaints so freely uttered by the members of these Conventions have a basis of truth. It is desirable that a wider scope for female industry should exist among us. It *is* desirable that virtuous women should never be obliged to accept an unsuitable suitor, for the sake of a settlement. It *is* desirable that girls, no matter what their prospects, or the position of their parents, should be instructed in the useful as well as the ornamental arts. It *is* desirable that every woman should possess some accomplishment, or trade, by which, when the exigencies of life require it, she can earn an honest and sufficient livelihood, without incurring a loss of social position. All these things are desirable, for the sake of public morality, as well as for the comfort and dignity of the fairer, kinder and dearer half of human kind.—*Home Journal.*

THE KALMUCKS, AND THEIR GREAT POEM.—Their hideous language, and their vast national poem, [doubtless equally hideous,] they hold to be the immediate gifts of inspiration; and for this I honor them, as each generation learns both from the lips of their mothers. This great poem, by the way, measures (if I remember) seventeen English miles in length; but the most learned man among them, in fact a monster of erudition, never read farther than the eighth mile-stone. What he could repeat by heart was little more than a mile and a half; and, that was found too much for the choleric part of his audience. Even the Kalmuck face, which to us foolish Europeans looks so unnecessarily flat and ogre-like, these honest Tartars have ascertained to be the pure classical model of human beauty,—which, in fact, it is, upon the principle of those people who hold that the chief use of a face is—to frighten one's enemy.—*De Quincey's "Essays on the Poets,"* &c.

DEAD LETTERS.—About 1,000,000 of dead letters, that is, letters for which the owners could not be found, were recently burned in a huge bon-fire at Washington. The Republic enumerates the following as a portion of the contents of them:—A horse-shoe; a ginger cake, the postage on which was $1,10; a donation to a church, being a small cake in a paper box; a quilt, a new year's present to a bachelor; a Dutch pattern for a child's dress; a pincushion, the stand of it the bottom of a glass lamp, the postage $1, the intrinsic worth as many cents; a zinc frame belonging to a galvanic battery, postage $17; a stone, weighing two pounds, addressed to a gentleman by "Eliza," as a sample of his generosity; a pair of men's boots sent to a lady; a large bottle of salve; and a bundle containing a coarse shirt, a pair of blue stockings, and a razor.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—In St. Germains, in the Isle of Man, the following very singular epitaph is yet to be seen, in Latin, over the tomb of Dr. Samuel Rutter, formerly prebendary of Litchfield, and afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man:

In this house
which I have borrowed from
my brethren, the worms,
lie I,
SAMUEL, by Divine permission,
Bishop of this island.
Stop, reader,
behold, and smile at
THE PALACE OF A BISHOP!
who died May 30,
in the year
1653.

BIG LOG'S OPINION OF WHITE MEN.—It is not a great while ago, that an Alabamian chief, surnamed Big Log, from his huge proportions, was standing upon the green bank of the Alabama river, when a steamer, puffing with smoke and fire, shot rapidly by him. A tuft of crimson feathers waved from the cranium of the forest chieftain, who gazed with imperturbable gravity upon the unwonted spectacle which had just glided by. A pale face, who was at hand, asked him what he thought of that fire-canoe? With laconic brevity Big Log replied—"White man bad; he make nigger work; he make fire work; he make water work. All work, work, work, for white man."

THE SEA.—Whilst engaged in watching the sea, the mind never becomes weary. Each successive wave, as it curls its silver foam and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it.—There is no monotony in the motion of the wave, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and form, finding in all an inexhaustible fund of amusement, excitement, pleasure and wonder. It is no less true than remarkable, that the ocean is the only *substance* which, in its movement, has not a wearying effect upon the gazer. All other forms, animate or inanimate, may amuse for a moment, a minute, or an hour, but their charm is quickly gone.

THE WHALE.—The whale, having no air bladder, can sink to the lowest depths of the ocean, and, mistaking the harpoon for the tooth of a sword fish or shark, he instantly descends, this being the manner of freeing himself from these enemies, who cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean; and from ascending and descending in small space, he puts himself in the power of the whaler; whereas, if he knew his force, and were to swim on the surface in a straight line, he would break or destroy the machinery by which he is arrested, as easily as the salmon breaks the single gut of a fisher, when his reel is entangled.

SHEET-IRON SLATES.—School-boys display great skill in breaking their slates. Shall they be allowed to continue the exercise of this interesting practice; or shall we invite them to use the new Wertemberg sheet-iron slates? A manufacturer in that country has invented a mode of applying a surface coating to sheet iron, which enables it to take freely the mark of a slate pencil; it is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common slate.